Archibald McLean and World Call

THIS number of WORLD CALL will always be known as a memorial number, honoring as it does the life and work of A. McLean. It may not be known to all how very deeply Mr. McLean loved WORLD CALL. At conventions, in private conversation and in letters to his friends he never failed to speak a good word for it.

Just a short time before going to Battle Creek, Mr. McLean spoke at a dinner given by the St. Louis Ministerial Association. A considerable part of his remarks was devoted to the coming to St. Louis of WORLD CALL, considered by many to be the greatest missionary magazine of the day. Some who did not yet know WORLD CALL wondered at his earnestness in speaking of the magazine but not so those who had read its pages from the first number as he had done. One of the most earnest desires of Mr. McLean's heart was that WORLD CALL might be more widely circulated and read among his brethren in Christ and that eventually it might not only be in every home but become self-sustaining.

The fine Christian spirit and world-embracing love of Archibald McLean will shine through and dominate WORLD CALL in the future as it has in the past.

Friends, what are you doing to make the magazine of Brother McLean more completely the magazine of our brotherhood? Are you helping place it in every home in "your" church? A very definite opportunity is afforded every individual and every department of each church to do something for WORLD CALL. You will be interested in the WORLD CALL promotional folder. Write for it. It is free. WORK FOR WORLD CALL.

World Call in Bound Volumes

We are having many calls for the bound volumes of WORLD CALL for 1919 and 1920. Only a limited number are being made up. They are bound complete in basket silk cloth; WORLD CALL in gold letters on the front cover. A valuable addition to your library. Price $4.25 per volume postage prepaid. Ready for delivery about March 1st, 1921.

World Call Binders

We have left just a few of the handy binders for WORLD CALL. Black cloth, WORLD CALL in gold letters. They hold perfectly the twelve numbers. While they last only $1.50 each, including 1920 index.

McLean Memorial

We are glad to present so much material relating to Archibald McLean and grieved that we cannot publish more of the many interesting letters and articles that have come to us. Some of these will appear in later issues. All of them will prove helpful in the preparation of his biography.

McLean Photographs

The photograph of Mr. McLean reproduced on our front cover was made in 1916, by his friend, W. M. Hollinger, of 582 Fifth Avenue, New York City. The one that is being sent out to the churches is also an example of personal interest. The original was made by Mrs. Ida Linder, of Palmyra, Illinois.

WORLD CALL

Continuing

MISSIONARY TIDINGS — AMERICAN HOME MISSIONARY
The MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCER — *The* CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST
BUSINESS IN CHRISTIANITY

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BY MEN AND MILLIONS MOVEMENT, CINCINNATI AND ST. LOUIS

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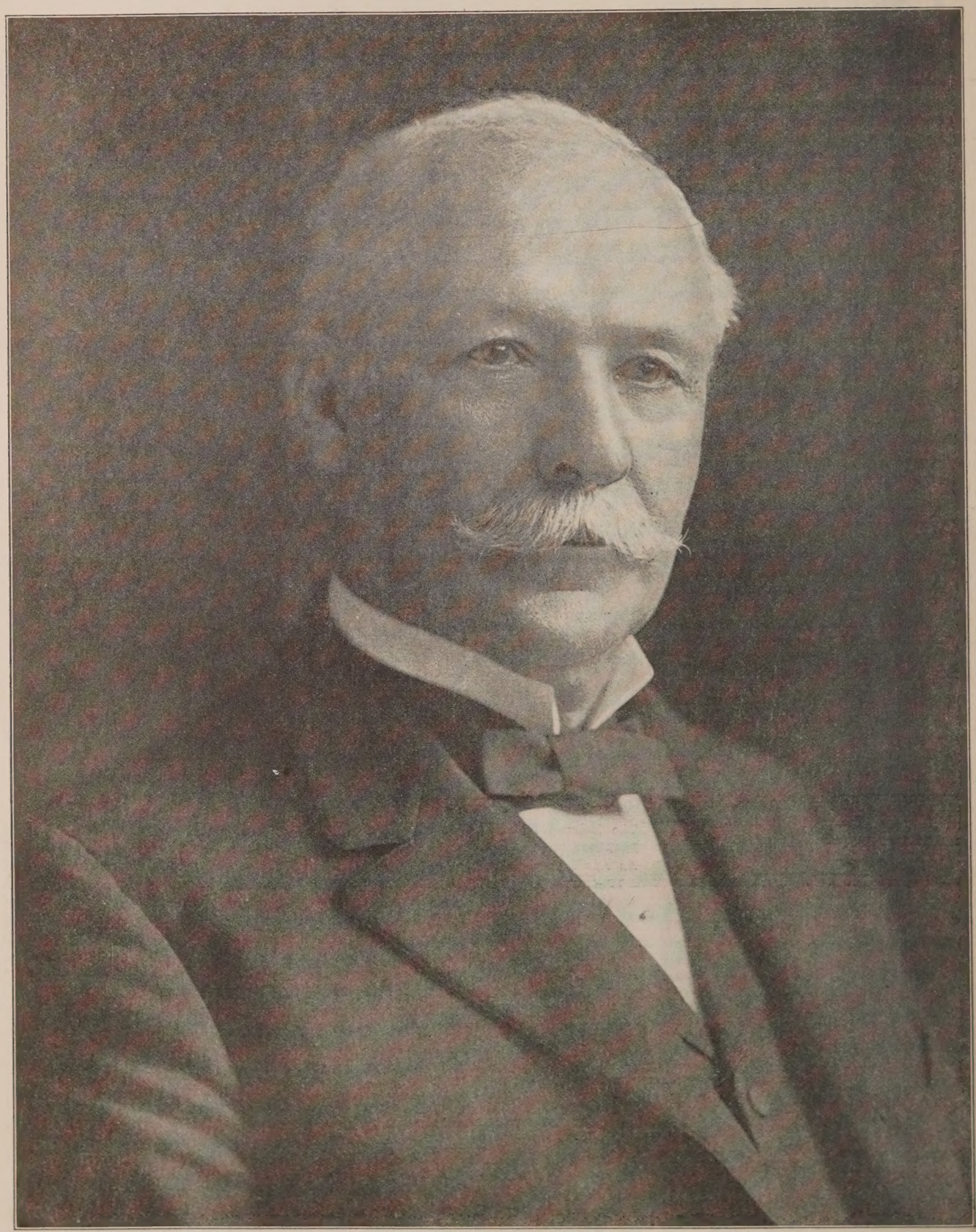


Mordecai Mark Cochran

Alumnus of Bethany College who made an outright gift of $500,000 toward its endowment in line with his previous large gifts and his lifelong devotion to the Church of Christ. See article, "A Man Bears Fruit," page 26.

TO INFORM THOSE WHO ARE INTERESTED; TO INTEREST THOSE WHO OUGHT TO BE INFORMED

WORLD CALL

Volume III. MARCH, 1921 Number 3

The Beloved Schoolmaster

There was a man sent from God whose name was Archibald McLean. He came unto a people called Disciples of Christ to teach them grammar, geography and arithmetic.

Grammar

He showed us that the Lord put Missions in the same sentence with baptism, and both before and after it. He reminded us that the "Go" of the Great Commission is an imperative verb pronounced by One who holds "All authority in heaven and on earth."

We had set Christ above all human leaders, living or dead, then we should obey His missionary command; we wore no name but His, then we must extend His Kingdom; we remembered Him every week by keeping the Lord's Day and observing the Lord's Supper, then "Why call ye me, 'Lord, Lord'; and do not the things which I say?"

Geography

As he opened the Book and showed us God's will he spread out a map and showed us God's world. Different colors indicated where the different religions and where paganism prevailed. The very vastness of the task challenged us; the slowness of our progress humbled us.

To make the distant races more real to us he carried a little museum in a green bag, out of which he took more wonderful things than any magician ever extracted from a beaver hat: idols from India, fetishes from Africa, medicines from China, art curios from Japan.

By and by missionaries from these far countries came home on furlough and helped our teacher. Slowly but inevitably we came into a knowledge of the world in which we live as a neighborhood of nations, closer together now than the villages of one county were before the telegraph and telephone were invented; and all "Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

Arithmetic

A. McLean's charts on the walls of our churches made us familiar with figures we had never known before: the world's population, 1,500,000,000, of whom a thousand millions never heard of Christ; "a thousand a month in China dying without God"; how Christian America spent her income, 38 cents each for missions annually, 25 dollars each for liquor; the growth of missions in schools, hospitals, orphanages, contributions and converts.

Finally there bored into our consciousness these primary facts: "I am but one soul. I have fifteen hundred million brothers, as dear to God as I am. I am trustee of God's manifold grace on their behalf. I must give account of my stewardship to God."

Giving Himself

We learned our teacher long before we got our lesson. There were no commonplaces in A. McLean's life except the necessary feeding, clothing and housing of himself.

Shaking hands, meeting strangers, writing letters, saying grace at table; these were not perfunctory incidents but vital acts with him. Who can forget his handshake? Both of his strong, warm hands embracing yours, his face aglow with joy, his words of greeting atingle with gladness! How did he find time to write so many personal letters? And how could he put so much tenderness and power into each of them? "First of all he gave his own self to the Lord, and to us through the will of God."

That there was no withholding in Archibald McLean's giving of himself was manifest in the way little children ran into his arms. He was big and human, generous and genuine, and he remembered his little friends as a courtier would princes and princesses of the blood.

Whether he had ten hearers or a thousand, he spoke always as a teacher rather than as an orator. He was at his best when visiting our Christian colleges and talking to their students. Next in favor with him was a group of earnest souls in a missionary rally or the elect of a district, state or province in convention assembled.

Being a teacher Mr. McLean had what G. Campbell Morgan calls a "weird regard" for books and for reading. He realized that no man can go far or accomplish much unless he reads. So he was the foremost promoter of the *Missionary Intelligencer* and of its successor WORLD CALL; so he carried books into all the rallies and conventions and sold them at cost in large numbers; and so he put his own best work into print and multiplied, extended and perpetuated his service to the world through "Where the Book Speaks," "Epoch Makers of Modern Missions" and "The Primacy of the Missionary."

All the strength of his tempestuously powerful manhood was engrossed in "Doing justly, loving kindness and walking humbly with his God"; and both his "deeds of daring rectitude" and his far adventures in ways of human helpfulness grew out of the closeness, constancy and humility with which he companioned with the Most High.

In Memoriam Archibald McLean

In the Central Church, Cincinnati, December 20, 1920
Floral tributes from individuals, churches and organizations.

IN January WORLD CALL *a brief statement was made regarding the sudden death of Archibald McLean, president of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society and vice-president of the United Christian Missionary Society. His death was due to a blood clot in the pulmonary arteries and occurred December 15, 1920, at Battle Creek, Michigan, where he had gone nearly three weeks before for a slight operation from which he had fully recovered.*

In the February issue of WORLD CALL *the funeral address of George A. Campbell in the Union Avenue Church, St. Louis, Sunday, December 19 was published. The following day another service was held in the Central Church, Cincinnati, from which the body was taken to Spring Grove Cemetery in that city. The Cincinnati addresses of Mrs. Atwater and Messrs. Sebastian, Grainger and Corey appear in this issue.*

Many telegrams and letters from all over America and from the foreign fields have been received. It is possible to publish only a few as representatives of the entire number.

A Few of the Telegrams

Baltimore, Maryland, December 17, 1920.

A. McLean will be remembered as one of the outstanding missionary leaders of the American church and by far the greatest missionary prophet in the entire history of the Disciples. He was a strong, sterling, humble and devout Christian who wore the beautiful garments of holiness. I love him.

PETER AINSLIE.

Des Moines, Iowa, December 17, 1920.

Deeply grieved by word of Brother McLean's death. The brotherhood has lost one of the greatest souls of our history. We will be lonely without him in our assemblies. There will be sad hearts in all nations. Personally I am bereaved of one of the most wonderful friends of my life; but the text for our hearts is, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." C. S. MEDBURY.

Portland, Oregon, December 22, 1920.

Oregon Disciples mourn death of Brother McLean. He was a familiar figure at our conventions. His missionary teachings, his sacrificing life, his kindly deportment have been an uplift to our own State work. We shall try to repay him by closer devotion to the cause. Second Timothy Four: Seven, Eight.

C. F. SWANDER, *Corresponding Secretary.*

Seattle, Washington, December 15, 1920.

Your telegram received in midst of District Budget Conference. We are all amazed, shocked and bowed in sorrow; tears and prayers intermingled. Conference joins us in sympathy to relatives and coworkers. We rededicate ourselves to the unfinished task and suggest suitable memorial services in appropriate centers.

W. F. TURNER AND MRS. LOUISE KELLY.

Los Angeles, California, December 17, 1920.

Eighty churches and eighteen thousand Disciples in Southern California feel with you the great loss sustained in the passing of Brother McLean. He was with us at our State convention in

September, blessing us by his presence and great missionary addresses. He will be missed at all our great conventions.

C. R. HUDSON, *Superintendent.*

Los Angeles, California, December 17, 1920.

We are inexpressibly grieved by homegoing of our friend and father. Sorrow for ourselves but joy for him in his triumphant entrance to larger sphere of service. We missionaries all knew he remembered us in prayer when others forgot and lifted many burdens that annual report never revealed. We must all help to make up for his loss with renewed consecration.

DR. AND MRS. ROYAL J. DYE AND DAUGHTERS.

Tulsa, Oklahoma, December 17, 1920.

Phillips University shares brotherhood's loss in sudden death Brother McLean. Great man of our generation has fallen. The church is blessed by memory his devoted life and missionary service. His departure his joy and our discomfiture. May his mantle fall on some Elisha whom Christ may use to his glory.

I. N. MCCASH.

Chicago, Illinois, December 17, 1920.

Englewood joins with you in grief at our great loss. Will have representatives at the funeral in Cincinnati. Truly a great man has fallen asleep and rests from his labor, but his great example and contagious enthusiasm have raised to maturity others into whose hands the Lord will commit the unfinished task. Englewood bows at the bier of our great brotherhood. May the Father bless you in the ministry of the last sad rites.

C. G. KINDRED, *for the Englewood Church.*

Des Moines, Iowa, December 17, 1920.

We are greatly shocked by the sad message announcing that President A. McLean had departed to the life beyond. We both deeply feel the loss of a great personal friend and brother and feel that the Christian church has lost its most outstanding general and consecrated leader in the great cause of world wide missions. With utter abandonment of self and all selfish interest Brother McLean gave his time, his talents, his energy, his money, his life to world redemption. His truly marvelous sacrifice and devotion to the cause so dear to him, to his Master and to us all should be a mighty inspiration to every secretary of our great United Society and to every minister and member of the Christian church in all lands. A man who has influenced the life of many nationalities and changed the Christian and social condition of continents has passed out. It is certainly true that when such a great man passes on, "It is like the falling of a great tree in one's front yard leaving an open space against the sky."

CHAS. REIGN AND ARLENE DUX SCOVILLE.

Some of the Letters

AS A BROTHER

(Among Mr. McLean's personal effects were two photographs of Mr. Speer.)

My Dear Dr. Burnham: December 28th, 1920.

I have heard with the deepest sorrow of the great loss which your board and your church and the whole Church of Christ has sustained in the death of Dr. McLean. I have known Dr. McLean for more than thirty years, having met him first when he was President of Bethany College on my visit there as traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement in 1889 and '90, and ever since he has been as a brother. We have thought together and prayed together and worked together with a single heart and a single eye. I do not believe there can be any one in your own body who loved him more than I loved him, or who more deeply mourns our loss of him. My faith is that we have not lost him but that he is with us still and that we shall have the immeasurable blessing of his spirit and of his invisible help.

ROBERT E. SPEER.

BEYOND COMPARE THE GREAT SOUL

My Dear Brother Burnham:

I am shocked and grieved beyond expression by your tidings of the home-going of dear, loyal, loving Brother McLean. He was beyond compare the great soul, the spiritual giant of our brotherhood—first in sacrifice and service—first in influence and devotion and first in our hearts. We feel his translation as a personal loss. No guest in our home ever hallowed it with such sanctity or breathed upon it such a benediction. The fragrance of his beautiful life, the emanations of his saintliness and glorious service will abide with us forever.

H. O. BREEDEN.

Fresno, California.

A COMPELLING APOSTLE

Kansas City, Missouri.

We are all deeply grieved over the word of Brother McLean. We cannot make it seem real that this remarkable figure has passed from the brotherhood and church life of the world.

Brother McLean was a compelling apostle of the modern church and with all his greatness and the mighty passion that make his life so irresistible, his simplicity and tenderness made him seem like the particular and intimate friend of thousands of us in humble places.

He was the best informed man I ever knew. His knowledge of Scripture, literature, world affairs and men, was phenomenal and yet he knew the members of many families by name and bore with us our joys and sorrows. He was one of those rare men whose greatness was not dimmed by intimacy.

How we honored and loved him and now that he is gone there is a big emptiness in the world for us.

R. H. MILLER.

THE HIGHER LEVELS

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 17, 1920.

I wonder if it is at all possible for us to realize where we might have been as a people if it had not been for the vision and leadership of this man of God. I tremble to think of what might have been our fate had not his prophetic voice called us to a world task in days when we could have been easily turned to a policy of deadening provincialism.

Only yesterday, when sitting with the program committee for the next annual convention of the Illinois Christian Missionary Society, we, with one accord, turned to Brother McLean as the man to lead us in a series of devotional studies during the days of that convention. It was the feeling of all present that he was the one man in the whole brotherhood who, at this hour, could lift us to the higher levels where we fain would walk. Of course we shall not have him with us in bodily presence, but the spirit of his great life will brood over every convention of the Disciples of Christ for years to come.

MR. AND MRS. PERRY J. RICE.

THE WHOLE WORLD POORER

Sulphur, Kentucky, December 19, 1920.

A tremendous loss has been sustained by the Brotherhood and the whole world is poorer because he has entered the larger life. What multitudes of men might have gone on and been little missed. We have his influence and that will abide. He was with us at the State Convention and gave us seven messages on the book of Luke that to my mind resulted in great good to many people. I am glad that we have that glorious memory of him in Kentucky. I hope to get to Cincinnati Monday to the funeral at Central Church.

H. M. ELLIOTT, *State Secretary.*

HIS COUNSEL AND ADVICE ALWAYS THE BEST

Washington, D. C., December 20, 1920.

Our people were greatly shocked and deeply grieved to learn of the death of A. McLean. It came as a complete surprise as we did not know of his sickness. A prince and a great man has fallen in Israel. The loss to our brotherhood and the missionary work of the world is irreparable. What a grand, consecrated, useful life was his! You of the United Society will miss him more than you even now know. His counsel and advice were always the best.

GEO. A. MILLER.

HE LIVES IN THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE

I cannot tell how much A. McLean has influenced my life. He gave me the first deep missionary impulse, and it has abided and increased through more than thirty years. I heard him at every opportunity. I read everything he wrote. His passion for missions thrilled me, his devotion inspired me, his humility chastened me. He fulfilled in himself a quotation, which was a favorite of his, from the Choir Invisible. "For prayer will in time make the

The Last Journey

Pallbearers, left to right: Alexander Paul, China; W. H. Erskine, Japan; O. J. Grainger, India; W. H. Edwards, Africa; Leslie Wolfe, Philippines; H. C. Hobgood, Africa.

human countenance its own divinest altar; years upon years of fine thoughts, like music shut up within, will vibrate along the nerves of expression until the lines of the living instrument are drawn into correspondence, and the harmony of the visible forms matches the unheard harmony of the mind.''

He has such a monument as he would have desired. He lives in the hearts of the people whom he loved and served.

Canton, Mo. G. L. PETERS.

HIS PERSONALITY VIVIDLY DISTINCT

I am only one of millions, living here or over there, who knew and loved Brother McLean during some part of the two generations of time through which he so faithfully served his Lord and His church. At the beginning of my ministry he came to my obscure churches and to minister and people gave wondrous visions of missionary necessity, duty and opportunity.

His great convention deliverances revealed marvelous powers God gives men for development, expression and heaven's uses. His frugality, with money, in living and with time, that he might superabound in all beneficences and good works deeply impressed and helped me. His consecrated, profound scholarship has kept me under my study lamp for many an hour.

When I joined our National Benevolent Association, he wholeheartedly welcomed me into the secretarial family; and I shall again thank him over yonder where there are no poor, for his Christian courtesy toward an inexperienced secretary.

I am grateful for even those eccentricities of manner that will always keep his personality so vividly distinct from the thousands of others marching by in memory's train. For the books he has written, those priceless trophies of restless energy, great learning, intense piety and successful yearnings for world redemption, I am devoutly thankful.

To see him again adds zest to my quest for the City that hath the twelve gates through which they are trooping in whom he helped to save. GEO. L. SNIVELY.

Lewistown, Illinois.

A PIONEER OF LARGER THINGS

Carthage, Mo., December 17, 1920.

A. McLean was unique in his day; no less an apostle than Paul, he could fight like a Trojan and love like a mother. He was decidedly human, but Christ lived in him. Heir to the frailties of our human flesh, his life was thrown Godward with a vengeance. He set a new standard in missions for Disciples, and always lived up to that standard himself.

We shall miss his physical presence, but his invisible and ever increasing spirit shall move majestically among us through the coming years. He has been a ''pioneer'' of larger things among the Disciples and the ends of the earth will continue to feel the benefits of the currents which he set agoing.

Just a word of ''honorable mention'' for a hero who has gone to receive his decorations for unusual bravery.

L. J. MARSHALL.

DOMINANT IN THE THOUGHT AND LIFE OF OUR PEOPLE

Hiram College, December 20, 1920.

As I write you are doubtless in the service at Cincinnati. Very clearly I recall that other service we held in the same church only a few years ago when representatives from every field of Disciple activity spoke in his presence of their debt to him. I am glad we had that service.

Brother McLean's place in the history of the Disciples is easily that of the third outstanding figure among those who have made large and determining contributions to the movement. In his own generation he has no rival. Since the death of Isaac Errett his personality and message have been dominant in the thought and life of our people.

There was something distinctively Pauline in his personality. How quickly his life knit itself with other lives devoted to the same cause! How much every missionary and every relative of every missionary meant to him! The bigness of his heart as well as the completeness of his devotion are beyond my poor comprehension, but I am glad that they are not beyond my admiration and abiding affection. MINER LEE BATES.

HIS LAST ONTARIO CONVENTION

Brother McLean, advanced in years near the Psalmist's limit, with breaking voice and whitening hair, was visibly wearing under the strain of his office and some of its incidental and unnecessary cares. And so when on the late Saturday afternoon of the last June Convention he rose to take his departure, our chairman with a seeming prescience that took by the throat at least one auditor, asked that the audience rise in respect, and requested a farewell message from him. Brother McLean in quiet and reverent tones gave (I believe) this scripture: ''I bow my knees unto the Father,

from whom every family in heaven and on earth is named, that he would grant you according to the riches of His glory, that ye may be strengthened with power through His Spirit in the inward man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith; to the end that ye being rooted and grounded in love, may be strong to apprehend with all the saints, what is the breadth and length and height and depth and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye may be filled unto all the fulness of God.'' Eph. 3:14-19. And then like as a father he passed amongst us, and we sorrowed that we might never see his face again.

And yet he is not dead but continues to speak through precious memories, through a great organization of which he was the unique and for years the honored head and through his vital books which cannot for years suffer the hand of Time. They will keep his memory fresh and the cause he loved warm and vivid to the succeeding generations that not having known our Brother McLean will yet inherit his knowledge and the spirit thereof.

(From the *Christian Messenger.*)

Toronto, Canada. REUBEN BUTCHARD.

HIS MANTLE OF LOVE

December 17, 1920.

We are so overwhelmed and saddened by the sudden going of our father McLean, I do not know what to say or what to write: who can be comforted or who can comfort us for his loss? We do not know the Foreign Society without him and his name means the Foreign Society and his love was always about us and for us. It will be very difficult to think of serving without him and his little notes and kind remembrances will not come to us again. May his mantle of love rest upon the man who dwells in his place.

MRS. A. L. SHELTON.

I tried all day yesterday to realize that Brother McLean was gone. I couldn't do it. He has for so many years been a father to us all.

We can only share our love for him by increased endeavor in the cause we all love.

Our love goes out to you all in the office who have been blessed by his daily presence.

Say, he and Brother Rains are probably working together again now! A. L. SHELTON.

Pomona, California.

THE SECRET OF HIS POWER

Buffalo, N. Y., December 18, 1920.

It does not seem possible that this noble soul will sit no more in our earthly councils. He was President of Bethany when I left that historic institution. While he has always been a GREAT MAN to me, yet I learned the secret of his power while there. The Disciples of Christ have never had a more unselfish or devoted servant than Archibald McLean. His life, his books and his record combine to emphasize the princeliness of this man of God. How we will miss this preacher's friend.

''Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light
Still traveling downward from on high
Fall on our mortal sight.

''So when a good man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.''

B. S. FERRAL.

HONOR, LOVE AND ARDENT SYMPATHY

Archibald McLean, when he first appeared at Bethany College as a student immediately attracted the attention of our father, C. L. Loos, who saw in his high ideals, pure character and Christ-like spirit, a soul akin to his own, and foresaw in the young man a great servant of the Lord. A strong friendship at once grew up between the older and younger man, and through the subsequent years they deeply loved each other and working together, especially in the great cause of Foreign Missions, rejoiced in each other.

Mr. McLean always found in our home at Bethany, and afterwards at Lexington, a delighted welcome. Not a member of the family but appreciated his beautiful soul to its heights. Here his whole being seemed to unfold in peace and happiness. All his high ideals of devotion were shared. All the graces of his social nature and of his cultured mind unfolded, and often here he found healing for some of the grievous wounds which came to him in the great battle of life, as they must do to all of us. Here he found honor, love and ardent sympathy, and nowhere will his living presence be more sadly missed than in our narrowing family circle.

We feel that it is privilege to add our tribute of love and honor to the noble memory of Archibald McLean. Our own friend and our father's friend we will not forget.

THE LOOS FAMILY, by W. J. L.

''ANGELS UNAWARES''

Brother McLean was in Atlanta attending a convention or rally of some sort. We sent him to some wealthy people who were not members of the Christian church. They were cultured and had traveled extensively. After the meeting was over, I thanked them for aiding us in entertaining and was delighted to have them say: ''We are indebted to you and want to thank you for the great pleasure you gave us. Why, we never had such a guest. He knew something about everybody. That scripture, 'Be careful to entertain strangers for thereby some have entertained angels unawares,' was certainly fulfilled in this case. He was to us an angel of God and a great blessing to our home.'' BERNARD P. SMITH.

''A WHOLE BROTHERHOOD LOVES YOU''

Just before your letter came telling of the death of Brother A. McLean I was reading in the *Christian-Evangelist* ''The Achievements of the Disciples of Christ,'' by A. McLean. I had finished and spoke aloud, ''Dear old Mac, a whole brotherhood loves you!'' Then the letter and the tears of sadness and joy in the confidence with which I contemplated his home going, only a little in advance of many of the old Soldiers of the Cross. J. C. MASON.

Forrest City, Arkansas.

THE GLORY OF THE LORD WILL APPEAR

I have great confidence that the glory of the Lord will appear to our brotherhood through his translation in a way that we do not now understand. We have no other McLean, but God still lives. The mantle of his power will fall upon the shoulders of you men in the office, not to do his work, but to carry the work of the Lord forward. H. H. HARMON.

Lincoln, Nebraska.

''BROTHER CAINE''

(Next door to A. McLean in Cincinnati lived Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Bowden and their darlings, Mary Anderson and Gilbert, to whom he was ''Brother Caine.'' They treasure thirty characteristic postcards sent to them on his journeys of the last few months from all over America. There were letters also, of which two samples are given.)

Dear Mary Anderson: January 1st, 1920.

A Happy New Year to you and little Pal and to your parents! Your papa told me while we were in St. Louis that you had some fever again. He and I and others who love you are asking that you may have perfect health and be as rugged as Gilbert. When I see you next week or the week after I hope to find you in good health and in the best of spirits.

God love you and bless you, dear Mary Anderson, and all dear to you and all to whom you are dear.

I send love and best wishes to all in your home.

Affectionately your, BROTHER CAINE.

This is the first letter in the New Year.

Battle Creek, Michigan, December 10, 1920.

Dear Mary Anderson:

I am counting the days till I see you and Little Pal and your parents. It seems an age since I saw you last. I am planning and hoping to be in St. Louis not later than the 25th. No doubt Old Santa is thinking of all good girls and boys and is getting ready to fill their stockings when the time comes.

Blessings on you each and all.

Affectionately, BRO. C.

FOREIGN MISSIONARY CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA

(Resolutions in memory of Mr. McLean have been passed by local churches, state Missionary boards, national boards and other organizations. Each has its special significance and we regret the impossibility of publishing all of them.)

WHEREAS the recent death of Archibald McLean, President of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society and an honored mem-

ber of the Committee of Reference and Counsel, has taken from the ranks of missionary leadership one of the most experienced and influential men among us,

BE IT RESOLVED that we record our high appreciation of the distinguished service which our brother for forty years rendered to the great cause of foreign missions not only in his denomination but in the councils of the cause in general;

RESOLVED further that we extened to the Disciples of Christ our sympathy in the loss of this distinguished leader of their missionary forces, and at the same time we congratulate them on the heritage he has left them in his writings and in the policies which he brought to pass during his long term of service;

RESOLVED that the accompanying sketch be spread upon our records.

A young and easily embarrassed minister was called upon to pray at a missionary conference over which he presided. The prayer was uttered falteringly albeit with fervor. At the close of the session the hand of Brother McLean was on the shoulder of the young minister and his soulful face was looking into the face of the youthful preacher when he said: "I want you to write a prayer for the *Missionary Intelligencer;* we want to teach our people how to pray for missions."

The prayer was written and published and the words long since forgotten, but his hand on my shoulder, his look—his words linger in blessed memory like an hour of consecration at a holy altar, like the acceptance of a commission from high heaven. He saw the exalted worth of the ministry. He sensed the possibilities of a young life devoted to preaching the glorious gospel of the Son of God, and in ways that were many he encouraged and gave the young minister more zeal for his life's task

Frankfort, Ky.

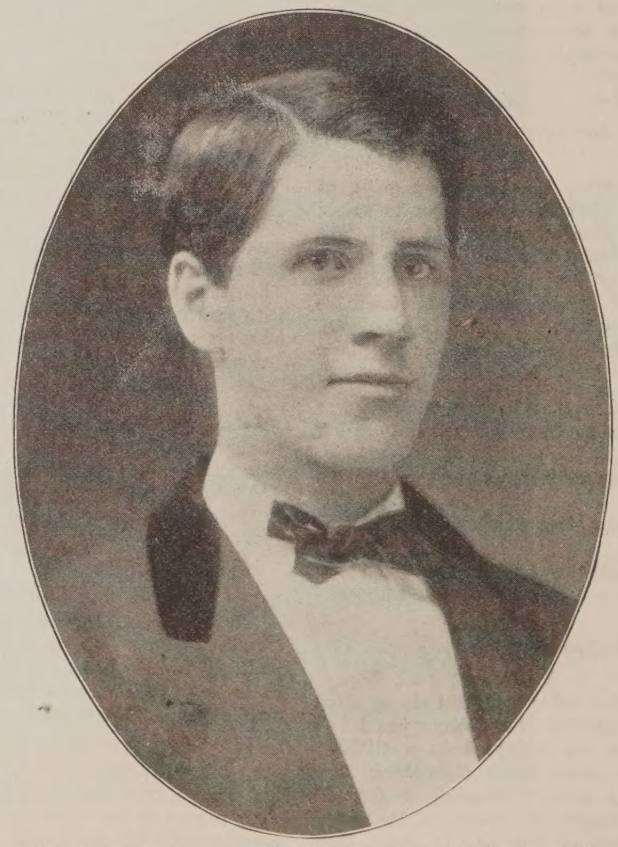
ROGER T. NOOE.

A MAKER OF MEN

One of A. McLean's great ministeries to his generation was in the stimulus he gave to other men. The flame of his zeal was catching. The entire surrender of himself to his task, shamed men out of their selfishness. His cheery and genuine word of approbation for work honestly attempted, compensated for the neglect or criticism, of others. His ready recognition of good work done helped men to believe in themselves, and to go forward in their tasks. He was not only a "maker of missionaries," but a maker of men in a most real sense. To a multitude of preachers and leaders in Christian work, life has been forever different after meeting him, and its tasks more worth while. He has impressed himself indelibly upon his age. And, in an age "on ages telling"—this means earthly immortality. We shall miss his kindly face. But we shall continue to feel his magnetic force. Happy is the man who could count him as a friend. And blessed the hope that we shall meet him again.

M. B. RYAN.

Wapato, Wash.



Archibald McLean, the Bethany College Graduate, 1874.

"WHICH WAS HIS SMILE"

It would be hard to put into words the memories I have of Mr. McLean—of the talks we had in Cincinnati of books, mostly missionary, but sometimes the poets and the favorites among the classics; of the unfailing courteous appreciation of ever so small a favor, expressed with that remarkable lighting and softening of the countenance, which was his smile; of our talks about hymns and songs that are not hymns; of the change that was felt in the very atmosphere when he led our devotional period. He was just Mr. McLean. If one knew him, one knew all these things about him. Those who did not know them, did not know him.

Cincinnati, Ohio. LUCY KING DE MOSS.

INSPIRING YOUNGER MINISTERS

Virtues that were many and gifts that were brilliant come to mind when we think of our Grand Man of God, A. McLean. He was a Spirit-filled man. The fires of God burned in his soul. His books are great literature expressive of wide and discriminating reading, clear thinking and a consuming purpose. His life was a living epistle. Supreme among many noble qualities, I remember him as the young minister's friend. Some preachers postmeridian patronize the budding messenger, and some criticize unthoughtedly, while others pity; but he understood and loved. Though ripened and mellowed by passing years and vicissitudes oft, his soul seemed to dwell in ageless youth. His spiritual year was always at the spring and the morn at seven.

ENCOURAGING A MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER

Cincinnati, Ohio, Feb. 2, 1920.

Dear Fred:

Yesterday your father told me that you had it in your heart to become a medical missionary. I rejoice in that fact. If I were your age that is just what I would like to do. I can think of no life so satisfying and so fruitful of good as that of the man who goes out to some Christless land to heal the sick and to give the people a knowledge of Christ and of his saving grace and power.

I am sending you a book and hope that you will read it. I am sure you will find it more interesting than any novel. And there is this in its favor; it is true every word of it. Let your father and mother read it and then talk with them about the men and women who have served as medical missionaries. Talk with them about the need of such men and women right now.

Dear Fred, let nothing turn you aside from your purpose. It is very likely that the good Lord planted that purpose in your heart and life. If so, you will do the best for yourself and for the world by adhering steadfastly to it. Get the best preparation you can get in the best schools in the world. And when you have the preparation necessary go out into the field and spend your life there under the loving and wise leadership of Jesus Christ the Lord and Savior of mankind. Tell me from time to time how you are getting on; perhaps I can help you in some ways. God bless you, my boy, and all who love you and all whom you love.

Affectionately yours,

A. MCLEAN.

ACKNOWLEDGING HOSPITALITY

My dear Mrs. Powell: St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 26, 1920.

The memory of your gracious and abounding hospitality is very pleasant. Mr. Booth and I had the choicest home in Louisville as our home while in attendance at the Convention. You and Dr. Powell know how to care for a pair of pilgrims and how to make their stay under your roof a delight. I wish to thank you both with all my heart and mind and soul and strength. I am sending you a book of mine as a souvenir of my visit. The Lord reward you and Dr. Powell and bless you both and Doris with His wondrous grace. I wish I could have seen Doris.

The Foreign Society has a vested interest in you and in Doris. We shall never forget the good work you did in India. You are doing as good work in Louisville, but we missed you and shall miss you for a great while to come. We shall always be interested in you and yours.

Gratefully and truly yours in Christ's Service,

A. McLean.

EXTENDING COMFORT IN SORROW

Rushville, Indiana.

It has been my pleasure and profit to know A. McLean ever since his ministry at Mt. Healthy, Ohio, where I had the joy of helping him in a meeting many years ago. He was one of my dearest and best friends.

Once when I was a candidate for Congress on the Prohibition ticket in Hamilton County, Ohio, and was making a speech in Mt. Healthy he accompanied me to the street corner, helped secure a store box for my speaking platform and helped to protect me against the jeers and ridicule of a disturbing crowd. He was always thoughtful and considerate of others. He was always a welcome guest in our home and was dearly loved by my children now grown.

His last message to me was written last October soon after the National Convention to comfort and console me on the death of my beloved wife and was as follows:

My dear Brother Brown:

Ever since hearing of the death of Mrs. Brown, I have wanted to write you a letter of sympathy and good will. You may remember that I spoke to you and Miss Edith in the convention hall last week, your eyes filled with tears and you could not speak, and I passed on. But my sympathies are with you and your children. May the Good Lord give you strength to bear up under your loss and sorrow, and may He give you everlasting consolation and hope.

With every good wish for yourself and Miss Edith I remain,

Yours very truly,

A. McLean.

May I lay this tribute of my love and appreciation at the feet of one of the best and most godly men I have ever known.

L. E. Brown.

A SUNSET SCENE

It was the month of February but roses were blooming in the mission garden and the verbenas, mignonette and marguerites whispered to the pilgrims sweet thoughts of the homeland far away. The Lordsday afternoon service was ending. Brother A. McLean had spoken simple, beautiful words concerning the Father in Heaven and Miss Graybiel had translated them into a tongue the people understood. The long rays of the afternoon sun crept in at the open door of the bungalow and touched the bright dresses and white draperies of the Orphanage girls and as the missionaries saw the bright look in the upturned faces, they felt the preacher had said: "*God is light!*" Men and women were present, too, who had learned from Brother McLean's lips about the One Great God and Father of All, such words as never could be learned from their Hindu pundits or Mohammedan *maulvis*. And now they were going down to the waters of Kirat Lake. Five of the older girls of the Orphanage—Chaturiya, Hiriya, Jamni, Chanutiya and Sitara—had said that they loved Jesus, believed in Him as their Savior and wished to obey Him in baptism. The little company went out through the gate, down to the lakeside, past the suttee piles, past the sacred peepul trees and the shrines of the heathen gods, to the baptismal waters. The sun was setting over the lake; the stretch of water was very red until it burned with a heart of fire near the great sun's reflection. The crimson afterglow shone behind the hills crowned with huge black boulders, and palm trees rose dark against the glowing background. From that company which had come to witness the baptisms, songs of praise to Jesus were rising, and from lips that had only lately learned His Name, the song familiar in Christian lands floated out in the language of this people:

"What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!"

One by one the five little girls went down into the water with Brother McLean. They went with him in utter confidence. Though he spoke in a strange tongue he was as much a friend to them as to any fair haired child at home. They recognized what was written in his face and they all knew him. It was all so quiet and God's tenderest benediction seemed to rest on the spot though it was surrounded by every evidence of idolatry. It is something always to be remembered as one of life's sacred places, and the missionaries will ever love to think of Brother McLean in that scene. It was difficult to realize that one year ago those five shining faced girls were ignorant beggar children running wild in the vileness of a native bazar with no knowledge of this Savior they now loved. As the company returned to the bungalow, Sitara ran up to one of the missionaries with a glow on her face and exclaimed: "I love Jesus, I love you, I love everybody!" Is it not just that? Loving Him we must love everybody.

There was no gleam on the waters, the sun, as the children say, had gone to the foreign land—but the influence of that sunset hour lives on in Mahoba, India.

—Adelaide Gail Frost.

From the Missionary Tidings of May, 1896.

A WORLD CITIZEN

Bloomington, Illinois.

I have been acquainted with A. McLean for a number of years and have been interested in his many-sided career; but there was one thought I never could get away from when I stood in his presence, and that was the notion that A. McLean was pre-eminently a world-citizen.

The great majority of men are provincial, most of them are local. In fact, it is very difficult to get away from these restricted views. Religions have been largely faiths of provinces and every philosophy has taken its color from the temper of the people that taught it. Christianity itself had a tremendous battle with this very thing. The early church very nearly became a sect of Judaism, a school of Greek philosophy or a mere adjunct to Roman imperialism.

For a hundred years the world has been growing toward internationalism and inter-racial conceptions of life. To me this is the meaning of many of the movements of our day and especially the missionary movement. At last we are realizing that God's conception of government is not for the township, county, state or nation but for the world.

A. McLean was a citizen of the world. He loved our flag but he had an interest in every flag. He loved our language but he knew the value of every language. He loved our people but was devoted to every religious body. To me the one outstanding characteristic of A. McLean was his international conception of life. Truly he was a citizen of the Kingdom of Heaven, a kingdom whose boundaries are not rivers and lakes but the very love and grace of God. It will take the world a long time to become one. Many heroes and martyrs will have to come and go before the glad song of the angels is realized in a world unified and a redeemed humanity. When that time comes such men as A. McLean will stand out in the history of our race as the prophets of this new day and the apostles of God sent forth to usher it in.

H. H. Peters, *State Secretary.*

TRIBUTE FROM A GREATNIECE OF ROBERT GRAHAM

Beaver, Pennsylvania.

Just as the American nation, through the death of Abraham Lincoln, came to realize with slowly growing wonder the greatness of that simple personality so, with the passing of the years, will the Disciples of Christ come to realize that Archibald McLean was the greatest spiritual force ever given to a great brotherhood.

When quite a young girl I happened to be visiting friends in Washington, Pennsylvania. A. McLean was in that city with one of those Missionary Rallies, which were always such a source of blessing to those fortunate churches that happened to entertain them.

One of the statements he made in an address, was something to the effect that we ought to give our jewels and personal adornments to be laid upon the altar and our lives consecrated to the spreading of the gospel.

With the arrogance of youth I questioned the thought that one must go to such lengths and said in my heart, "He is too good to live in this world." Youth is for happiness and getting, not for renunciation and giving.

The impression that he was a saint with ideas away beyond us,

remained with me until years afterwards, my husband was serving a church in Indiana and I happened to entertain this Angel unaware. After that I always tried to bring that to pass again and he was many times under our roof. The little personal recollections of those times are among the precious memories.

When he stayed with us we were always most happy to give him our best bed, warmest blankets and softest down comfort. In the morning he would always say, "That was a good bed, Joseph, a good bed!" And then I knew my saint was human, for it was a very good bed. At breakfast he would say, "Why can't I get bacon like that at the hotel?" It was broiled with care that one cannot have outside a home.

Thus I came to understand the voluntary laying aside of home comforts and his going about the country inspiring others to give and go, that all might know Him whom to know aright is life eternal.

So the leaven of little things worked in my own life. When the time of departure came, it was not the courteous "Thank you" of a departing guest, although it embodied all that. As I stood at the door to let him pass he always said, "God bless you, my child." I have often wondered, with that keen insight into the needs of a preacher's young wife, if he really knew how much I needed a blessing, and somehow I came to feel as if a blessing really fell on me.

As he came and went, little by little the grace grew in me until I developed a full missionary conscience which never can be stilled. Thus it is, I think that life passes from soul to soul and becomes immortal.

Archibald McLean will always live in the hearts of the Craigs, for with the poet we know that "Life is ever lord of death and Love can never lose its own."

EVA GRAHAM CRAIG.

OF CHRIST'S INNER CIRCLE

First Church, Seattle, Washington.

His peculiar mannerisms were a puzzle to strangers but a joy to those who knew him best. Whether stroking his forehead with quick impulsive gesture when aroused in speech; raising his voice to a shrill cry when filled with indignation because of the slow and hesitant steps of the church toward the salvation of the world; or gently striking with his handkerchief the speaker running over his allotted time, there was always a meaning in each peculiarity impressive and humorous to his friends. His best literary work was, "Where the Book Speaks." This I have presented to ministers outside of our communion and it has met with a sympathetic response and duplicated no other book in the library. A. McLean belonged to Christ's "inner circle" of friends and like his Leader suffered much at the hands of an anti-missionary world. His death was no doubt hastened by the great sorrow of heart caused by recent disturbances among the Disciples. Kneeling at his grave may we pledge ourselves to love, unity and harmony.

RUSSELL F. THRAPP.

BETHANY STUDENTS AND A. McLEAN

First Church, Norfolk, Virginia.

In the fall of 1894, as I recall it, word came that A. McLean was to visit Bethany College. It was his first visit since resigning as President. The suggestion was made that as many as possible of the students go out along the Bethany Pike to meet him. All that could arrange to do so, went on horseback—practically raiding Billy Cowan's livery stable for the purpose. It was a wild cavalcade that met him at the turn of the road, after racing down Hammond's Hill. While he was abashed, as usual, I think he was pleased. We escorted him back to Bethany.

CHAS. M. WATSON.

As His Last Cincinnati Pastor Knew Him

By C. J. SEBASTIAN

A PRINCE and a great man indeed has fallen this day in Israel. I knew Brother McLean when I was a boy 13 years of age, when he was the object of my hero worship. I worked with him for two and a half years in the office of the Foreign Society when my respect for him was confirmed and deepened. He preached the ordination sermon of my twin brother and myself from this very pulpit over 15 years ago and that sermon has served as a kind of a code by which our ministry has been governed ever since. It seems that there has not been a day since I first knew him that he has not been in my consciousness.

But the one thing I shall ever prize most highly is the privilege of having been Brother McLean's pastor. What a blessed experience it was! He showed his true greatness by his simplicity. He wanted to be loved. He did not object when his pastor put his arms around him. He was not above words of encouragement or counsel. He was like a child in the reception of any words of appreciation. On the other hand he was ever ready to speak a heartening word. He was the friend of the pastor. He always found something in the sermon he could commend. When he was here he never left the building without shaking hands and saying some word of encouragement. At the close of a Lord's Day, he would say, with a pat on the shoulder, "Charles, this was a good day," or "great day" or some such word. He always sat within easy reach. In the Bible Class (he always attended Sunday school when in the city) he was the nearest person to me. At the church service he sat right down in front and so also at the prayer meeting. His eyes were always on the speaker but his presence was never a source of embarrassment; he was too sympathetic for that. His written words of counsel to the pastor were usually in his own hand and in the familiar and ardent form of a letter from father to son.

Brother McLean was the very soul of courtesy. If he thought he had offended anybody he was ready to ask forgiveness. At a prayer meeting service I used the American Revision in reading the scripture lesson and there was a slight change in one line over the rendering in the old version and he thought I mis-read the passage and called my attention to it. At the close of the meeting he humbly begged my pardon although I thought nothing of the incident. On another occasion we were in conversation on a train together and I noticed that his eyes were heavy with sleep and suggested that he take a little nap and as I said so I arose and threw back the seat so that he would be more comfortable and left him and in a few moments he was asleep. A week or so after, at a night service, he called me to one side and said he feared that he was rude that day on the train and hoped I would forgive him. Of course I laughed and said there was nothing to forgive, and there wasn't. But that was the fine spirit of this great man.

A. McLean was everybody's friend. He had a way of making one feel that he was his particular friend. Immediately following the announcement of his death, when people were calling me from everywhere, it was interesting to note how many persons felt that they had some special claim on him. He loved the children and they loved him. When my little boy heard of his death he said, "Daddy, Brother McLean gave me a Christmas gift last year." And so he did. One of our mothers said that she felt that her little girl was blessed every time he put his hand on her head. That is how our people felt about this good man.

Brother McLean gave himself with absolute abandon to his chosen work. He verily sought first the Kingdom of God. He united with Central Church by letter from the Mt. Healthy Church, his first and only pastorate, May 28, 1900, and was elected elder February 3, 1901, and continued in that office until the societies moved to St. Louis.

Steadfast, Unmovable, Always Abounding

By MRS. ANNA R. ATWATER

WE do not any of us want to forget. During the five days since our friend went to God, in the offices of the United Christian Missionary Society, in our churches, in our homes, all around the world on our mission fields, we have been recalling some great words, some characteristic way of putting things, some unusual deed, that made A. McLean mean so much to us. For myself, I like to think of him standing before some group of young people in our churches, or at the College of Missions, with a small New Testament held up in his right hand, saying, as he pointed to it with his left, "There is the greatest missionary book in the world. You can buy it for fifteen cents, carry it in your vest pocket and have with you always a library of the best missionary literature." He loved the Book. He meditated on it day and night. It was his daily food. It furnished the motives of his actions. From its terse phraseology he drew largely for his utterance in public prayer. To it he was unswervingly loyal. It was truly to him "the greatest missionary book in the world."

I was seeking, this morning, to find, out of this New Testament, the words which best described this great man. I found them. They are *"Steadfast;" "Unmovable;" "Always Abounding."* You could count on A. McLean. His brethren could be as sure of the stand he would take on any great question of the fundamentals of our faith as they could be of the rising or the setting of the sun.

When we apply to him the word "Unmovable," some may think at once of that Scotch inheritance of his, but let no one conclude that he was not open to conviction. He was as teachable as a child. We who worked with him could furnish many illustrations of this fact. There were far back days, we are told, when he was not quite sure of the place our women should take in missionary leadership. He made the matter a study. Seven years ago he told me that we ought to have a united missionary society. My response was one of doubt, because our Woman's Board had been born free and independent, and we could not come into an auxiliary relationship like that of other Woman's Boards. He said: "You ought not to. You must not. There must be equal representation of men and women. There is no reason why it should not be so."

A. McLean, About the Time He Became Secretary

When working toward the United Society, and in its early experiences, there has been no stronger champion for the equal representation of men and women and their equal responsibilities than Brother McLean. He committed himself to that cause.

Do you remember how he loved the *Missionary Intelligencer?"* He was not, at first, in favor of giving up the separate magazines for a united magazine. He feared loss of power. But he was willing to study the problem, and as a result, he not only yielded to the judgment of others, but he became one of the most loyal supporters of WORLD CALL. He rejoiced in it with great joy. He was proud of it.

In the trying days of adjustment in the United Society, in the moving away from Cincinnati to St. Louis some of us will never forget the emphasis as he quoted:

"No man, having put his hand to the plough and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of God."

Truly, he was *steadfast,* he was *unmovable,* when it came to devotion to the highest as he saw it, and he saw the highest with almost unerring judgment.

"Always Abounding." We have not known one of whom these words are more descriptive. His one aim in life was the advancement of the Kingdom. Toward this advancement his reading, his conversation, his daily deeds, his prayers, constantly tended. I heard him say, "I never buy a coat or a hat without thinking of them in relationship to the Kingdom of God." How few idle words he spoke! How few idle moments he spent! On the table by his side at the Sanitarium was found the manuscript on which he did his last work in this world. It was on the life of Isaac Errett. There were also his New Testament in Greek and Milton's Paradise Lost.

We cannot speak of Brother McLean and the Book without recalling his devotion to the command—*"Go, ye".* Recently, in one of his great messages, he said something like this: "If I could put all my strength, all my power of utterance, all my soul, into one expression and send it out around the earth, penetrating the hearts of men, that one expression would be *'Go, ye'."* Can you picture him as, with tense frame and flashing eyes, and with inimitable accent, he uttered those words, *"Go, ye"?* And do you recall that same Scotch accent, which we all loved to hear, as he uttered "All authority, the supreme authority"? Some of us noted how much of late, in prayer and speech, he used the expression "King Jesus". It was the *King's* authority to which he bowed. It was the *King* whom he honored. If he could speak to us today, and to the church at large, with all his powers reinforced by his face-to-face presence with the King, I think he would say *"Go, ye".*

We shall honor this friend, this brother to us all, by our devotion to the King's command, *"Go, ye".*

The Tribute of the Missionaries

By O. J. GRAINGER

I SPEAK on behalf of the missionaries. As has been said by others we are the children of Brother McLean. Son or daughter of the flesh he had none but his true spiritual sons and daughters are to be found in every non-Christian land. It was his preaching and presentation of God's will which gave to our young people the original impulse to devote their lives to the cause of missions. The contagion of his passion led many to offer themselves for foreign service. He had the greater part in the task of making selections from among those who so offered themselves, so that we can truly call him the prime factor in the building up of that body of men and women which in foreign lands represents this great brotherhood in its effort to fulfill the great commission. So we come today as true children to pay the tribute of sons and daughters to a worthy father.

Brother McLean loved us missionaries. We knew it and we loved him. He cared for us. He was personally interested in and kept in personal touch with each of us. He was concerned in our temporal welfare as is evidenced in the sacrificing of his personal property to make up the cut in the salaries of the missionaries. He was also greatly concerned for our spiritual welfare. He prayed for us daily. The knowledge that he prayed for us by name and thought of us has been a source of incalculable strength and courage. He regularly remembered us at the holiday season with some gift, frequently a book of devotions, that would assist in our daily devotional life through the year. He knew the emptying effect of continued residence in non-Christian lands and strove to keep us in touch with our Lord. Any failure on our part brought from him counsel, admonition and encouragement. Any achievement brought his personal letter of commendation. He strove to keep us working together harmoniously and by word and example kept before us the ideal of magnanimous brotherly kindness.

He did not lord it over us. He knew the true art of leadership. We never thought of him as an official of the society. His relationship with us was not that of an official. He could when occasion demanded present a matter to the Executive Committee and in announcing to us its decision, indicate the finality of that decision, but this was not often necessary. He usually led us by counsel, admonition and suggestion as father to son.

The missionary lives in an atmosphere of opposition and hatred, among people who know not the Christian ideal of brotherly love. He works in the granite rock of paganism and feels more than any other the need of the backing of the great brotherhood in the homeland. We walk with one hand in that of our Lord but the other reaches out for that of our brethren. For many years to the missionaries of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, the brotherhood and its backing were personified in two men, F. M. Rains and A. McLean. Brother Rains passed to his reward but a year ago and now Brother McLean has joined him.

Brother McLean in his departure has not left us entirely bereft. The great brotherhood still lives enriched and ennobled by his contribution to its life. The missionary society, largely his creation, goes on in the work to which he gave his all. He did not keep the reins of authority in his own hands but gathered about himself men of like spirit who knew him, loved him and drank deep of his passion. Upon them his mantle now falls. Through them we will continue to feel the heart of the brotherhood beating with ours in the task.

Brother McLean will continue to be a living, powerful

personality in the life of the missionaries. Accustomed as we are to long periods of absence from the homeland and accustomed to fellowship with him through memories, through his books and his letters, the break of his passing is for us not so great as for those who had the daily joy of his physical presence. Our fellowship with him will be enriched by the fact that for him the veil of flesh has been removed and now he sees face to face.

"For all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blessed. Alleluiah."

A Junior Comrade's Testimony

By STEPHEN J. COREY

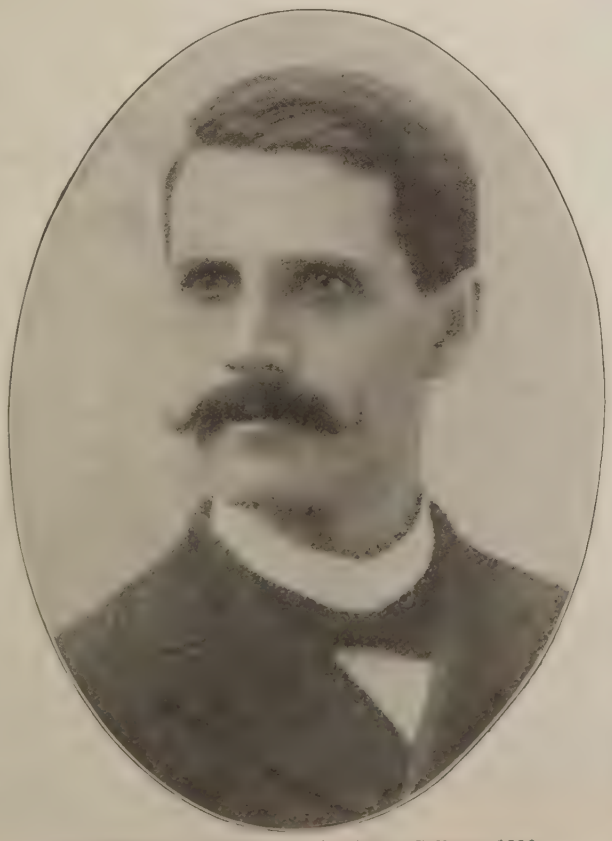
DEAR friends, my heart is filled with two struggling emotions, aside from grief and loneliness. The one is the great honor I have in speaking with regard to the life of our dear friend, A. McLean; the other emotion is that of my utter inability to put in words the message that should be given to you. I cannot hope to give you a finished discourse; I can only speak from my heart in a broken way about some of the great characteristics of this noble soul. Many of you have known him in many phases of his life as well as I have known him. Perhaps the only reason for my speaking today, instead of one of you, is the fact that I have been intimately associated with him for nearly sixteen years in the work we all love. Possibly I can bring you some personal things that come from intimate contact with this great life that others may not have known so well.

His life was such that it constantly grew on one until he seemed to become a part of your own life, inseparable and yet distinct.

"Time but the impressions deeper made,
As streams their channels deeper wear."

I wish to say a few words first with regard to his holy life. He always made it a simple matter for me to think of God. Now that he is gone, heaven has lost much of its mystery. Somehow, in his presence the great unseen and eternal things of life became realities. In companionship with him one unconsciously fell into the most regular habits of devotion. This influence which he radiated fell alike upon children and upon those of older years. Mr. Muckley was to lead the devotions at the Mission rooms the morning after Mr. McLean's death. His little daughter, Betty, saw him searching in the scriptures before breakfast for a text and she asked him what he was looking for. He replied, absent mindedly, "I am looking for a passage of scripture on Brother McLean." Then the little girl asked, "Is Brother McLean's name in the Bible?" When he answered, "No, Betty, it is not," she quickly added, "But Papa, it ought to be."

I remember years ago being with Mr. McLean in some missionary rallies. We were sleeping together in a home at Princeton, Kentucky. The burdens of the work were heavily upon his heart. Some great problem had arisen in the mission field. In the early hours of the morning I awoke and he was kneeling by the bedside praying, pouring out his heart to God for the work and the workers in the far distant fields. No day ever passed that he did not pray, by name, for all the missionaries and for many others whom he especially loved.



A. McLean, President of Bethany College, 1890

Many times in his conversation and always in his addresses and writings, he dealt with the great themes of the Christian faith. His subjects of discourse were noble and exalted. I think the heart of the book which has recently been published, and which to me is one of the richest of all his writings, is a sermon on "Missions in the Thought of God." Reverently, but masterfully, he deals with that exalted subject, until he brings you into the very presence of Jehovah and makes one feel the realities of the Eternal.

He was the spiritual father to all of us who knew him well. I believe that no man in our history, not even Alexander Campbell or Isaac Errett, occupied quite this unique position. They had their unequalled places of leadership among our people, but it was left to A. McLean

Archibald McLean's Study, 535 Clara Avenue, St. Louis

The plain furniture emphasized the richness of the library even after he had sent 1000 volumes, about a third of the library, to Bethany College, where the rest of his books are to go, excepting a few to the College of Missions.

to touch our hearts in this peculiar, spiritual way. No one went before him and now that he has gone there is no one to succeed him. This is the great point of our loneliness. This will be the feeling in the hearts of our missionaries and of our preachers when his dear face is missed from our convention platforms.

Next to the great characteristic which I have just mentioned I would put Mr. McLean's love of little children. They were his friends everywhere. It is doubtful whether anyone has made more friends personally with little children than A. McLean. Everywhere ministers and others entertained him during his brief visits. In all of these homes through many years he has made friends with the little children. Older people sometimes did not understand Brother McLean. Because of his laconic speech and short Scotch ways, they sometimes thought he was a little blunt and gruff until they knew him better. Children never misunderstood him. They always ran to his arms and sat on his knees and listened to his talk. Hundreds of these children are people with families now and their own children have grown to revere the name of "Brother McLean."

He loved the Christmas season when he could buy presents for the children. For years Miss Lucy King DeMoss has helped him to buy his presents. She had made these purchases before the first of December this year and when he went to the Sanitarium they were all ready to be mailed to his little friends.

Another outstanding characteristic of this man's life was that he lived absolutely for the cause of Christ. He had never married but, like Paul the Apostle, he was wedded to the work of the church. His last conversations at Battle Creek were concerning the work. He spoke of the missionaries, of the secretaries and of the Mission rooms. He was much burdened concerning the Interchurch underwritings. Two days before he died he wrote as follows to President Burnham:

"I regret that it is necessary for me to be away from the field of action. The work does not depend on any one servant; the work is the Lord's and He will see that it goes forward, but I wish I could be in the Officers' Council and the meeting of the Executive Committee. I shall think of you all these days."

On last Monday he wrote to me—

"All day yesterday I was thinking about the underwritings and was wondering if the $600,000 would be raised. The report that this amount is exceeded will bring joy to many hearts."

To him the fact that the banks loaned the money on the good name of the Christian people of America constituted a sacred trust.

He suffered physically and mentally when the work suffered. A crisis on the mission field, or at the home base, or the death of some worker at the front would bring a haggard look to his face. Personal injuries were quickly forgotten but an injury to the work he loved pierced his heart through. His anxiety when Dr. Shelton was in captivity and his deep silent grief when missionaries like Eldred and Loftis died was pathetic to see. One of the things that moved him most deeply was the unity of our people. Any indication of division or any thought that our brethren might misunderstand each other and drift apart was spiritual torture to him. He felt division among our people as keenly as a loving man or woman would be wounded by a division in their own family. In the last few years his prayers have been burdened with the petition that we as a people might be one as Jesus and the Father are one. That word of Jesus spoken to his disciples: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one-another," he felt as binding as any other command.

A. McLean was a great giver. He did not have as much money to bestow as some, but that which he had belonged to his God. Two of his favorite chapters in the New Testament were the eighth and ninth of Second Corinthians. He often rebuked our people because many of them abode in the second chapter of Acts and failed to move on to the eighth and ninth of Second Corinthians. Those wonderful words on giving were referred to by him in

almost every address. To A. McLean giving was as great an obligation as believing, repenting, or obeying the gospel. He constantly contended that when our people gave equal emphasis to Acts 2 and second Corinthians a new day would dawn for us in the work. He not only preached the grace of giving with a fiery zeal, but in a rare way practiced it. For many years he drew only $1200 of his salary when it was twice that sum. He would make out his budget of expenditures for the year with the amount he wished to give and then ask the treasurer to keep the rest for the expenses of the Society. When his insurance policies matured he turned the amounts over to the Society, not even asking for an Annuity Bond.

I never shall forget some years ago when the Society was hard pressed for funds, going into Mr. Rains' office and finding him much overcome and his eyes filled with tears. On his desk was a check for $4,000 from A. McLean from insurance policies which had just matured. In giving this money he had warned Mr. Rains to mention it to no one. Several years ago hard times were on in our land. The Foreign Society had a debt of $100,000 and it seemed absolutely necessary to retrench. The salaries of the officers and even those of the missionaries were reduced. The thought that the missionaries at the front had willingly accepted this reduction in the face of great hardship there, was a constant nightmare to Brother McLean. We had planned to repay the amount the following year if receipts were good, but he could not wait that long. Before the year had closed he turned over a house which he owned in Cincinnati, which netted $7,000, and asked the treasurer to reimburse the missionaries from this fund. Just before he went to Battle Creek he asked the treasurer to apply his full month's salary on the underwritings.

Not only did he give through the regular channels of the church and the missionary societies, but he made many quiet personal gifts for the education of young men and young women for their life work. Any personal crisis in the home of a friend always appealed to his unending generosity. Suffering appealed to him—it was difficult for him to pass by anyone who asked for alms, or anyone of the many who came to him to borrow.

A. McLean was a great friend. He was a friend to the church; he never failed his local organization. How faithful he was at prayer meeting. He would go through any inconvenience to attend the Lord's Supper. To him this was the heart of the worship, the very soul of the church. What a friend he was to his preacher; how loving and true and encouraging. What fine things he would say about the sermon. What a benediction there was in his loving pat upon the shoulder and his brief kind word about the message.

He was a great friend to the missionaries. Dr. Shelton's telegram saying: "We as missionaries have lost our greatest friend," is so true. How the missionaries are talking of him in their homes now. How they longed for him to come to the fields again while he lived.

He was a great friend to his associates, unfailing and untiring—quiet and strong as Gibraltar. He did not always talk; his friendship breathed out in his very personality. One of his greatest delights was to sit in a train by one of his companions in a "quiet" visit, during which time he would not speak a word. Perhaps he would be reading a book or thinking. One who did not know him might have thought he had forgotten his presence, but his intimate fellow traveler knew that the touch of his shoulder or his hand resting upon one's arm was a token of his communion of soul and a recognition of his nearness. His friendship with Mr. Rains, who more than any other one of us was his companion, was very beautiful. You remember those last words of Mr. Rains which Brother McLean quoted at the convention in Cincinnati, "I love my brethren." But he did not quote all of the words, his modesty forbade him. Mr. Rains really said, "I love my brethren, but I love A. McLean with an undying love." He was a friend to all of us; to the treasurer, to the bookkeepers, to the stenographers, to the clerks. To him we were all indispensable. He never took credit to himself. The great victories in the offerings and in the forward movements he always attributed to others.

How appreciative he was personally of a sermon or an address. Was there ever a better listener than A. McLean? Always close to the speaker, always intent on the message, always sympathetic and appreciative. How his noble white head will be missed at the conventions, for he was always on the platform. The humblest speaker had his attention as well as the greatest. If he was out on the road passing through a town or city with only a few moments to spare he always called up the preacher. He was too generous in spirit to be prejudiced against anyone. Those who sincerely loved the truth, he admired. His platform was broad enough to include the conservative and the liberal. They were all his brethren and he felt they all had a contribution to make to the brotherhood's life. He not only lived in the present, when issues might be sharply drawn, but he had a way of projecting himself into the future, when time would wear away the sharp edge of dissension and the truth would appear in its true perspective.

A. McLean was a great advocate of world evangelization. His life message was the personification of worldwide missions. His active ministry was contemporaneous with our missionary growth and development. In those early days he was almost alone in his advocacy. How he stormed across the land in those difficult years, like a

Graham's Road Schoolhouse
Near Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Canada, attended by Archibald McLean as a boy.

John the Baptist, calling our people to repentance because they had failed to see their real world responsibility. He was as truly an apostle of missions as was Wilberforce or Garrison of emancipation, or Frances E. Willard or John B. Gough of temperance. He it was who more than any other stirred the fires of world interest in the hearts of our preachers. A. McLean, in a real sense, not only made possible our missionary history; he was our missionary history.

In preparation of this address I have been reading again that marvelous volume of his, "Where the Book Speaks." How its pages burn with the missionary passion born out of the teaching of the scriptures. He could not understand why so many people missed the missionary message in the Word of God. In one of his great sermons he said, "We often wonder how a man can read the New Testament and not discover the conditions of pardon. I will tell you of something stranger than that; it is that so many can read the New Testament and not see the missionary cause looming up like Mt. Shasta above the plains." Perhaps it is not known to many that A. McLean wanted to teach. That was his longing for his life work. He always felt that God and his brethren pushed him into the missionary calling against his own will. He was resigned and felt more keenly the responsibility that was put upon him than as though it had been his own choice. But his heart yearned for the quiet of the classroom and for the work of the teacher.

A. McLean was one of the great Christian writers of this age. He has written eight outstanding books. Few men have written as many, each one of which was a masterpiece. Many men write many books but among their volumes are usually a number that are far below par. It is difficult to tell which of A. McLean's books is the strongest. Each one is a gem in its own setting. His volumes on missions are considered classics by all the missionary world. More than any other, he has embodied our plea and our history in his writings. If you want a history of the spirit and the growth of the Disciples of Christ; if you want an epitome of our best preaching and a story of the power of our ministers; if you want to know the full, real content of our plea; then read his volumes.

To me he is our best interpreter of the New Testament position, for he has lived and worked and thought during days when we were passing beyond the period of the few strong points of emphasis peculiarly our own and were growing into the full rounded life of a great fellowship of thought and action. He came on the scene for the constructive era, after the necessary period of controversy when we were fighting for recognition and proving our position to the Christian world. He is the one of all others who has challenged us to place our deeds abreast of our ideals. His outstanding test of discipleship has been: "By their fruits ye shall know them." Aside from his books he has written much. Scarcely a week has passed that an article or editorial from his hand has not appeared in some one of our journals.

A. McLean was not only the first to catch a real vision of our missionary destiny, but he was the first who saw the possibility of unifying our missionary and benevolent societies. Long before anyone else dreamed that it was possible he had made the suggestion and written it out, advocating the formation of one missionary society for all of our organized work with equal representation of men and women. It was hard for him to give up the old, but he took great joy in the new. One of the most difficult things in his experience, as he has confided to many of us, was moving from Cincinnati to St. Louis, but after we had moved, in a peculiar way he abandoned himself to the new condition of things. He was happy in the new offices; he was joyous in the larger fellowship of our unity. He was proud of the new Executive Committee of the United Society. He was a tower of strength to President Burnham and to Mrs. Atwater and to all of the office staff. He looked forward to the time when our budget for missions would be $5,000,000 to $10,000,000, instead of $2,250,000 a year.

I CANNOT say more today. I have tried to touch a few mountain peaks in this man's living. He more nearly than any other person I have ever met kept his life on the mark with his preaching. With thousands of others, I shall be lonely now that he is gone, but I shall not sorrow for his going. If he had suffered I should have been sad. If his physical body had been marred with pain it would have been difficult to bear, but how beautiful it is, how glorious, that he has come to the end of a full life while he was yet at the zenith of his power. Before the real setting of his sun began the Father received him. Like Enoch, he walked with God and God took him. It would have been hard for one as independent in spirit as he to yield to the care of others during his waning years. He had seen the realization of his fond dream, the United Christian Missionary Society; he had seen the new found unity of our people at the last International Convention. Tired, but strong in spirit as a warrior from the victory of a great battle, he has gone to his reward. Gone, as someone has said, to receive honorable mention for exceptional bravery.

A. McLean is not dead; he lives in the world as he never lived before. He lives in the hearts and lives of his own people; he lives in a kingdom without frontiers in the mission field. In the homes of the missionaries and in the humble abode of every native preacher and worker he lives. Among those who had not seen his face and knew not his speech, but knew the language of his soul, he lives. He lives in the thousands of American homes he has blessed with his presence. He lives in the lives of the preachers he has inspired. He lives in the hearts of many children who loved him as a great good man. He lives in his books, eternal bearers of his spirit and his thoughts. To A. McLean "death is not death; the bursting of the shell that held him bound to this material plane, the lifting of the soul from earth's chains, was life and gave life's consciousness." With Browning, we may say: "What's death? man has forever!"

Can we not also say of this great soul, as of few others, "Oh, grave where is thy victory; oh, death, where is thy sting?"

The Career of a Cobbler*

(As told by Vishnuswami on the edge of a deserted bazaar in India)

By MARGARET T. APPLEGARTH

"Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent."
—EMERSON.

CHAPTER 4.

Moonlight: Vishnuswami Tells of Paper Voices

Miss Russell and her Sunday School Class, Bina, India

First, into the villages our missionaries must go, gathering about them any that will listen and telling them for the first time of the God of Carey Sahib.

WITH impressionistic suddenness the moon transformed the whole scene into a startling mass of black and white,—dark mysteries lurked beneath the flapping awnings of deserted stalls, the whole market place seemed silver-paved; an eerie sense of something stealthy in the night wind made the two men edge close together, their gaudy turbans gleaming white with moonbeams.

"Perhaps you weary of this tale," said Vishnuswami, crafty as a fisherman; for he knew full well that Chunder Singh had made no move that meant departure, but rather gave a subtle bid for more disclosures: were they not elbow to elbow? knee to knee? Will a man linger to be bored when the hour for sleeping is at hand? So it came as no surprise when Chunder Singh replied:

"Could I lay down my head in my own hut until I hear what tool it was which this worker in leather, this low caste cobbler from far England, used to level what you call the hill of heathendom, of caste and of idolatry? Your boast regarding him rankles in my head; yet a smile plays on my lips for full well I know that habits of our fathers are unchangeable. Custom is custom! It is folly to claim that more than three or four of India's men turned topsy-turvy for a new religion. I do not hear you name the others! India is India forever."

"Wait patiently," warned Vishnuswami gravely, "for Carey Sahib was a little man, short in stature, and even as these English count beauty he had no looks to specially recommend him, since even the hair on the top of his head was gone entirely; but have you let it pass from your heart that he who tends a sacred fire is as strong as ten strong men for deeds?"

Chunder Singh smiled sarcastically: "With my own eyes I have seen the monsoon come, when the rains poured down, filling the pools and tanks, turning the parched earth green. And though I had been on a journey I would know by the sight of my eyes that the refreshing had come in my absence. So I claim that you boast overmuch of this Carey Sahib unless you can tell me of things I can see with my eyes and feel with my hands."

Vishnuswami groped in a fold of his garment and drew out an object, small and squarish: "Spare your breath, for here I hold the very tool which leveled all the heathen hills I mentioned. Hold it in your hands, my brother, feel it with your fingers."

Chunder Singh took it and thumbed it curiously: "Well!" he exclaimed, "am I wiser? Yet I am both feeling and fingering."

"Keep right on," Vishnuswami ordered, cool and calm, "'tis no black magic, I assure you,—do not shudder! It is merely paper voices speaking in our tongue the wonderful words of the Living God which Carey Sahib translated from the English."

"Paper voices?" incredulously he held it to his ear, "Tell me, does it speak to me? And what does it say? And how did Carey Sahib ever get it?"

"You stuff my ears too fast with questions; let me tell of Carey Sahib first. How back in the days when cobbling shoes in England, this Holy Book was open on the bench beside him."

"Oh, as for that! This was the place where voices called to him to 'Go ye. Go, ye!' It lingers in my mind he loved that Book."

"You have it right. No doubt you also call to mind

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the fact he knew six tongues; so now I tell you that his daily habit was to read one chapter from his sacred Book, first in the English language, then in each of the other five he knew. Full well he saw that this Book had made England years before, and the sacred fire forever whispered to his heart that the Book could remake India, too. So have I not said it? How with tireless diligence he learned Bengali from his interpreter, Ram Basu, spending long hours making the voice of the Living God speak on paper in Bengali to all the sons of India. Over and over he conned each word: he said it in Hebrew, in Greek, in English, in Bengali. Ah, it was a task! Neither would he let visitors or pleasure or mere weather shorten hours allotted to this work."

"Now I am full of other questions,—how could he make it speak on paper?"

"It may have lingered in your head that one of the separate rooms in the house of these sahibs had been from the first set apart for a printing office. Now surely printing is a mystery unknown to you, also to the Hindus in Serampore at that time. When Carey Sahib bought the thing known as a printing press and set it up in the special room, the people in that town beheld it in great terror, whispering from turban to turban: 'Behold, the Idol of the Christians!' But when the Sahib, William Ward, caused it to clang and clatter, and showed them the paper dotted with Bengali words from God to man, great mystery settled in their eyes. To see this message near to! To hear it really speak! To own a copy to be treasured in the hut, as jewels! To hold it for a neighbor's eyes to see! To learn the gracious life of the Living God on earth,—that man, Lord Jesus! Ah well, it was not to be resisted. And many believed."

Chunder Singh peered at the Book in his hand with the first breaking down of prejudice that he had shown: "I am eaten up with wonder. Oh, for daylight, to see this message for myself! It is not right a man should live his life in ignorance, like monkeys chattering in the trees."

"Even so said Carey Sahib. And I add new glory to this English sahib's tale by telling how he could not rest content to learn Bengali only. Were there not other tongues in India? Other men going on useless pilgrimages to far distant shrines? They too must hear in their own tongue. You are a man for numbers,—check these languages and dialects on the fingers of one hand as I name the tongues which Carey Sahib learned and made his Bible speak. First let me say it was not always the whole Book of Heaven he translated, sometimes it was the half known as the Old Testament, sometimes the other half, the New Testament; and several times one book alone was all he undertook. Now count: Bengali, Ooriya, Maghadi, Assamese, Khasi, Manipura, Hindi, Sanskrit, Brujbhasa, Kamouji, Kosali, Oodeypuri, Jeypuri, Bhugeli, Marwari, Bikaneri, Bhatti, Haraoti, Palpa, Kumaoni, Gurwhali, Nepalese, Marathi, Goorjarati, Konkani, Panjabi, Mooltani, Sindhi, Kashmuri, Dorgri, Pushtu, Baluchi, Telegu, Kanarese. I am done, but tell me the number lest any have flown from my head!"

In startled disbelief Chunder Singh stared at his fingers: "Seven times have I checked off the fingers of this hand, lacking only this one finger. Thirty-four; but surely you do not tell me the cobbler did this stupendous task! How could he?"

"Man of ignorance," his comrade said, "consider what the sacred fire did to him, for in many tongues he found no written system to adopt, and had—himself—to learn to put their words on paper."

"Now indeed am I stirred within me! How could he learn so many different tongues?"

"How should I find ways to tell of tiresome trips in bullock-carts to distant ends of India; of weary sleepings in the huts of strangers, on the floor,—he liked to sleep in the mid-air on beds; how can I tell of patient questionings concerning names for this and that with pundits at his home in Serampore? Notes taken of the slightest shades of meaning? And sometimes the idle prattle of small children in strange roadways gave him words too precious to be lost, and he plucked palm leaves to prick the words upon them. Ofttimes he went into the village school and sat upon the ground to trace in sand with little boys the curious hooks and curves that formed their unknown language. Have I not said? A man of perseverance, who rested not nor stopped."

Chunder Singh sighed: "You draw out my heart! And he, only a man of caste who works in leather, doing things like that for love of any God! Well! Well!"

"For God, and men like you and me."

"I hear a new thing! Is there any god in India

Evangelist Yahub Nasih Preaching, Damoh, India

One by one, through the village teaching, the native "comes out into the new religion" and, in turn, becomes a preacher of the Word to his own people.

Church and Church Members, Pendra Road, India

This is the church to which Mr. and Mrs. Madsen have ministered for so long. Mr. and Mrs. Menzies are stationed here now during the furlough period of the Madsens.

for whom I would perform a lengthy task like that, unless I had committed sin and must gain merit? As for strangers, and the sons of strangers, would I fill my heart with curious babblings? Not at all! My heart is torn within me."

"Mine also! In the telling of this tale I am amazed anew. They tell me one cannot gauge the distance where the Sahib's Books have gone. Consider in your head this fact: seventy million Hindus speak Bengali; Hindi, Hindustani and Urdu number twenty-five millions, Ooriya by six millions in Orissa. Who indeed can tell where Carey Sahib makes his Bibles speak? Now here is a true answer: seventeen years after the Bengali Bible left the press, there were found villages of peasants, Hindu-born, who had given up their idol worship, and were renowned for truthfulness; 'Satya-gooroos' they called themselves because they sought a teacher sent from God. And in a wooden box they kept a well-worn Bible they had had for many years; they had no way of telling who had brought it, but it gave them peace."

"Tell me more like that," urged Chunder Singh.

"Well, there were Mohammedans, fanatical and wild, who hid the Book inside their girdles and got down into the new religion. There was Narayen Sheshadri, a Brahman so high caste that people of his village drank the very rain-pools in which he wet his feet, yet he renounced his caste, his wealth, his family that he might sit elbow to elbow with low caste men and tell them about God. There were women who claimed the Book was written by a woman, it spoke so gently of them."

"About mere women, how should I care? But to think that Brahmans accept the Christians' Book with joy and calmly lose their caste,—ah, now indeed, you grip me hard! Also, a minor matter, but I have a great curiosity about this fabric, paper, on which the words appear. Did it perhaps come overseas from England? And what makes the letters?"

"As to the paper, at first Carey Sahib used our Indian paper, but being sized with rice paste it attracted both the book-worm and the white ants so that the printer sahib, Ward, found that the sheets of a book were all devoured by insects before the last sheet came off the press. Paper from England was too slow in coming and of great expensiveness; so in the course of time they learned to make good paper for themselves, for which Serampore became noted in all India. As for type, you must hear how English letters are not like the hooks and curves of any Indian tongue, so new patterns needed to be cut, not only for Bengali, but for all the other languages I spoke about just now. Have I not said it?—how the Living God stood close by Carey Sahib, helping? For when he most needed type, there was an Englishman,—Sir Charles Wilkins was his name—who cut the punches with his own hands and cast the fonts of type; all this before Carey Sahib knew of it. Moreover, he taught this art to a Hindu of the blacksmith caste, Panchanan by name, and almost any day you could have seen a strange thing in that workshop:—Panchanan casting type for Christian Bibles, squatting underneath his favorite wooden idol, without which he flatly refused to lift his hand in work."

"Well, would you not have done the same?" asked Chunder Singh, shamefacedly.

"As to that, let me save my breath!" was the too evasive answer. "I only marvel Carey Sahib did so much; for there is a thing called grammar in each speech on earth. Now how shall I tell you of it, seeing that you never dreamed that grammar forms each sentence which you speak? But Carey Sahib knew and cleverly extracted grammar from the tongues of the Bengali, the Hindi and the Mahratta, as well as many others; and the grammar of each tongue he placed in separate books, so that preachers of the Living God who followed him might never need to plod through weary steps of knowledge such as his had been. Store one more of his activities beneath your turban: for he made dictionaries of the different languages he knew. Now a dictionary is a myth to you, yet it is merely all the words in any speech, with the meaning of each word put down beside it. Consider with what care he must have listened to us talking, to catch each little shade of difference between this and that! All this he did to help new preachers and new teachers. And he also started a Bible Translation College in Serampore to train pundits how to write in other tongues."

Chunder Singh spread out his hands in helpless admiration: "The strength is sapped from my knees when I dwell on his toil! Did he never sleep nor take a rest in the shade of his house at noon-day? Surely he planned for everything,—what more could mortal do?"

Vishnuswami sighed: "Yet now I must speak of a great misfortune, terrible, which cannot be acounted for. For

the sun had set on a certain evening as on other evenings in the year 1812, as these English reckon time; the Indian type-founders, compositors, pressmen, binders and writers —of whom I well know you are ignorant—had all gone home: Ward Sahib sat at his desk settling accounts when he was stifled by suffocating smoke bursting into his office. How shall I tell it? But those priceless manuscripts of dictionaries, grammars, Bibles, even the steel punches of the Oriental letters,—everything of fire for three sad days! Also Carey Sahib was in Calcutta, and on the third day when the afternoon tide enabled him to row back to Serampore, what did he see? The immense printing house reduced to a mere shell. The yard covered with the burnt quires of paper, on which in the course of time words of life would have been printed. His stupendous labor for years on a polyglot dictionary of all tongues derived from Sanskrit also had gone up in smoke. Sadness, indeed, my brother! Tears stood in his eyes. But Ward Sahib hesitated not to find another place to start the work anew. The Living God has earnest followers, Chunder Singh!"

"I hear new things," the Hindu slowly said, "a man of India would sit down under the shade of his thatched roof and say: 'That which I did is undone. The gods have turned against me. I will not lift my hand again!'"

"It is a truth: our ways are softly lazy. Not so with Carey Sahib, who spared not himself in making new translations; and in the patience of his heart he ever thanked the Living God he could revise them better than at first. Moreover, although the loss was £10,000, so much sympathy was shown back over the sea, in England, that Fuller Sahib soon announced that the whole sum had been subscribed in fifty days! Which shows a splendid thing, my brother, the cobbler who left England, ah! but he was poor and of the caste not to be noticed! And for starting their society those few poor Baptists had but £13, 2s, 6d as I said. Yet now that cobbler is a man of deeds, they speak of him in public in the town of London, about the deeds he did in India. And money poured in from all sides!"

With vast respect Chunder Singh fingered the pages of the little Book, then held it to his forehead reverently: "tomorrow it must speak to me, this Book of God, which makes a man of lowly caste so great."

Old Letters of Rare Value

By MARY J. JUDSON

Packet No. IV

THERE are few of the women of India whose names are more familiar to us than that of Chundra Lela, because of her pathetic and long continued search for God. It is good for us to remember that after she had found Him she visited one of the stations of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions and laid her loving hand for a little while upon our work. Miss Ella Maddock, writing to the Board from Deoghur, July 6, 1901, told the story as follows:

Chundra Lela is spending a few weeks with Miss Adam. They are very happy together. Her story is a very thrilling one. She was a daughter of a high priest and for many years went from shrine to shrine seeking God. After her conversion she was persecuted in every way, but she remained true to her Savior. She has visited the shrines since her conversion, telling the pilgrims of the true God and Jesus the Savior.

It sometimes requires a great deal of persuasion to induce people to give their lives to mission work, but they who are on the field and see the need are able to look at the subject from an entirely different viewpoint. Dr. Ada McNeil—afterward married to W. E. Gordon and still giving glad service—wrote from Bina, India, February 13, 1899, to Miss Lois A. White, secretary, as follows:

How long, O how long must these poor people grope in the dark vainly seeking the water of life which alone can satisfy the thirsty souls! Tell those who know and have drunk of the fountain that cleanses the guilty and brings healing and rest to the sin-sick souls to delay not to send the glad message, for thousands are dying afar from the source of this pardon and peace. I cannot be thankful enough to our Heavenly Father for letting me come here where there is so much need of work and workers.

The Elsam family are at present in the United States for the second time on furlough. C. G. Elsam wrote from Bina to Mrs. Helen E. Moses, August 29, 1901, as follows:

I wonder if we will ever be able to visit America. Our lot has been so much cast among Americans that we almost seem to be Americans ourselves. I think we would feel more eager to see your beautiful and wonderful land than our own mother country. Nevertheless, if God so will, we are content to abide for the term of our natural lives in the heathen but magnificent land in which Providence has placed us.

Miss Susie Rawson wrote Mrs. Moses, April 24, 1900, from Landour where she had gone for a little rest and refreshing.

Dr. Longdon and Miss Lackey arrived last week and it is a great pleasure to have them in the same home with me. I am very proud of my mission sisters for they are both rare girls. Dr. Longdon is such an unassuming little girl, but she is constantly revealing some new grace or accomplishment.

Dr. Mary Longdon also wrote from Landour, May 24, 1900:

This is the Queen's birthday. However, my dear Stars and Stripes float happily and beautifully. Dr. Gerould sent me the flag. The violets are so plentifully sprinkled on the hill sides—ferns and all beautiful green things are out and it is grand! My loving remembrance to Brother and Sister Philputt and family if you see

them. They were very good to me when I was a stranger in Philadelphia.

We cannot omit Miss Rawson's story of the elephant ride. She wrote from Mahoba, November 6, 1901:

Last week Miss Brown and I spent the day in Charkhari, a native state some eight or nine miles from here. We went to purchase bedding for our children. The king very graciously sent his private secretary with an elephant to take us about the town and show us the places of interest. I have never before ridden upon an elephant and had always said I never would, but it seemed impossible to refuse, so with fear and trembling I climbed upon its back and clung to the iron railing of the houdah as the great creature arose from its knees. My fear soon vanished and the ride was thoroughly enjoyed. We went over rough fields, through ditches and even rather high walls without any inconvenience. These great creatures put their feet down so carefully and can pass through such surprisingly narrow places. We visited the place where the Rajah keeps his deer, the royal stables, the beautiful guest house for English visitors, the girls' school and a place in the palace where wild animals are kept.

After the death of Dr. Henry C. Gerould of Cleveland, Ohio, one of the good friends of our organization, Mrs. Gerould went to India to select a site for a new station which should be a memorial of her husband. A location was chosen near Rath, Hamirpur District, and land purchased and later Mrs. Gerould went again and bought additional land. Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Menzies opened the work there in November, 1902. He wrote Mrs. Helen E. Moses, July 1, as follows:

One thing that makes our hearts so sad is to hear from Brother McLean and Mrs. Atkinson that there are no young men or young married couples as candidates for the foreign field. This is very sad and this last week I have written an article for the Evangelist entitled "Facing a Crisis in Missions," an appeal to educated young men from the field. I only hope and pray that it may be used in some way to help in bringing some soul to a decision for service on the foreign field. I am sure if they could but taste the joys of this sweet fellowship, they would not withhold their service. May the dear Lord thrust forth His own workers into this ripe harvest field.

A manuscript in hand from the pen of Miss Florence A. Mills, a missionary in India for seven years, tells in an interesting way the results of evangelistic work in Bilaspur:

It is now twenty-one years since the missionaries of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions and the Foreign Christian Missionary Society came to Bilaspur and began the work of tilling the field and sowing the seed of the gospel. How well the work of the past years was done and with what patient endurance the laborers have toiled is manifest in the harvest already gathered. We who have come in these later years are happy in our fellowship with a congregation of two hundred or more Christians in whom we see a promise of many helpful workers in the great harvest field yet untouched. Much of the missionaries' time and thought is now occupied with the work of training these babes in Christ, and bringing them up to the full stature of men and women in Him.

Miss Annie Agnes Lackey of Fayetteville, Arkansas, went to India in 1898. Some years later she was married to W. C. Macdougall and they are still in the service. In writing to Mrs. Anna R. Atwater, president of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions, January 27, 1909, Miss Lackey described school teaching under difficulties:

I have enjoyed my visits with our missionaries very much indeed. I was much impressed with Mrs. Lohr's school work. She is longing for a school building, and certainly it is needed. The boys are simply packed in the present room. They hardly have room for writing, they must sit so close in rows on the floor.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin C. Davis opened the work at

Bible College Staff and Students, Jubbulpore, India

In the front row, seated between the Indian women, is Mary Louise Jeter; Back of her, standing from left to right, are Dr. W. C. Macdougall, O. J. Grainger and Fay E. Livengood.

Maudaha, Hamirpur District, United Provinces, in November 1903. There they have spent the greater part of the time through all the years until the present time. We have the following from the pen of Mrs. Davis, written March 16, 1906:

The Government has declared famine conditions existing in our district and has opened up extensive relief work. Over 9000 men, women and children are at work on the roads. A poorhouse has been built for aged or infirm persons. There are several children in this poorhouse who will be given to us if we can care for them. The Government has so promptly taken the matter in hand that it has relieved us of great anxiety. No doubt conditions will grow worse instead of better, until the time of the next harvest—this fall.

Dr. Martha Smith wrote Mrs. Moses from Mahoba, India, February 17, 1904, as follows:

I am very happy in my work here in Mahoba and will be so glad when I know the language and get into more active medical work. O, there is such a need! Already I have seen many deplorable conditions resulting from neglect and ignorance, and up to this date I have treated nearly eight hundred cases; many of them have been among girls and a number of these have returned daily so all are not individual cases.

Miss Zonetta Vance wrote April 21, 1903, of her visit along with Miss Mills to various mission stations and of the, to us, rather remarkable things done by the missionaries for their entertainment:

Dr. Mary McGavran took us for an elephant ride for her treat, and Mr. McGavran took us deer hunting. I shot one, too, much to my surprise. Mr. Rambo took us to hunt wild peacocks, but we did not find any. The evening we went deer hunting we also stopped in a village and sang hymns and Mr. McGavran preached. So we had two kinds of pleasure.

Dr. Jenny Crozier wrote from Pendra Road, Central Provinces, India, January 15, 1905, to members of the Board as follows:

It does seem too bad to leave that fine hospital at Bilaspur closed when there is so much need. There is, of course, no work being done at Bilaspur now since the missionaries have all had to leave on account of plague. I am sure I am going to enjoy my work among the people here very much though I know there will be discouragements because of their ignorance and superstition.

Miss Daisy Drake wrote July 17, 1906, to Mrs. Moses addressing her as "Dear Mother Friend":

I would like you to know that this first year that is so rapidly closing has been a happy one for me, and that I am only the more assured at its close than when it began that I have not mistaken God's leading in coming. I know I need not fear the future. "My sufficiency is of God"—that is the verse in my birthday book for today.

A little message from Miss Caroline Pope written from Bilaspur, Central Provinces, December 19, 1905, closes our consideration of India correspondence in the long ago. A few others rendered service at the same time whose letters seem not to be in hand. She wrote as follows:

Our first Sunday in Bilaspur we witnessed nine baptisms. They were all orphanage girls. The service was performed just when the glow of the sunset was in the horizon, and that evening it was especially beautiful. I must tell you what a beautiful Thanksgiving we had. The Madsens and E. M. Gordon dined with us, and after dinner we had such a sweet simple service, which I know made us all feel stronger.

The Bible School an Educational Agency

By C. M. SMAIL

WANTED, a Bible school that EDUCATES! "I want my church to be," said a recent writer, "a church whose Sunday school is manned by devout, intelligent officers and teachers, who teach the Bible by precept and example, and who care for their pupils not only in session, but throughout the week." All who are interested in the Bible school have such a wish for its welfare.

Primarily the Bible school is a school of religion and, in our case, the Christian religion. The importance of religion should give us first concern. It is greater than our food, dress, shelter and protection. It marks the highest reaches of any people. It becomes, therefore, the chief function of the Bible school to promulgate Christ's teachings in order that the young and the mature, together may attain the highest possible development. Emerson made no truer statement than this one, "The truest test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of the city, nor the crops; no, but the kind of men the community turns out." The Bible school is the greatest factor in the community grist mill. What kind of human grist is it turning out?

The teachings of any religion will in time find themselves in written form. Already and for long the writers of the New Testament have brought to us the sayings of Jesus and their own under the inspiration of God. It is the carrying on from generation to generation of the precepts of Christianity and the life which they inspire, that impels us to make the Bible school the very best teaching service. The leaders of the school should be passionately concerned about the community life. And this includes all of the individuals as much as when Jesus declared his concern for the lost in the parables of the lost sheep, coin or son. We read, "He went before ascending up to Jerusalem, and when He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it." Does any Bible school have a like compassion over its constituency? Does it have the community conscience? There were religious schools in the time of Jesus' ministry. For we read that "He came to Nazareth, where He had been brought up; and He entered as His custom was, into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up to read the Scriptures." He believed in school. He believed in teaching. When it could be had, He used an auditorium. We know Him to be a

teacher without a peer; and we believe His disciples received a training unequalled in any other school. The modern Bible school equipment and the large number of pupils furnish an opportunity for training that we scarcely grasp in all of its importance.

"We learn to do by doing" is a saying brought to us from Rousseau through the great pedagogue, Commenius. It is the basis of the philosophy of John Dewey and the psychology of Edward L. Thorndike. It was Jesus' way too. "This do and thou shalt live." It is also the Golden Rule way, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." To be in accord with the best philosophy, psychology and the training of the Master, "the Bible school must do things." It must provide situations such as will call forth moral and spiritual activities. This means wholesome fun, recreation, fair games, skillful drills, impressive pantomimes, pageants, the use of still and moving pictures, placards, graphs, dramas, ceremonies, singing, speaking and costuming. Who wants to belong to a class that never has a corn roast or a party, that does not support a widow or orphan or missionary, or the church? Keep the pupils interested by doing something worth while. Of course wisdom must be shown in choosing the right thing to do. The most that we learn does not come through reading but by example. What we learn about the Father of mercies above is largely gained by our knowledge of a father of mercies here below. We get our best interpretation of the sacrificial love of Christ from that of our mothers. Brotherhood is vitally related to being a brother. The things we do imitating teachers and elders are numerous beyond mention. To become unselfish and thus avoid becoming sinners, we must learn by the dear school of Christian experience.

IN the learning process in the Bible school, what should be taught? The Bible is the most comprehensive compendium of the relation of man to man, and of man to his Maker, that has ever been assembled to guide mankind in moral and spiritual welfare. It is the truth of these relations that must be borne to the life of the child and adult. The one denotes our service to our fellowmen and the other our worship of God as revealed through Christ. In the Bible school we are handling the Word of life. "Thy Word is life." No other source is comparable to the life found therein. "To whom shall we go; for Thou hast the words of eternal life."

The Bible school furnishes an opportunity for the use of the best pedagogical methods in teaching. What to teach is important, but so is how to teach. The teaching force of the school, therefore, should consist of those who are qualified naturally to teach or have acquired the ability through a normal course of study.

The Bible school educates in organization. From the superintendent of the school as a whole, through the superintendency of the departments, on down through the classes with their presidents, secretaries and committees we have a wonderful human machine for accomplishing great things. It is no small wonder that when an organized class sets for itself a big task, it usually accomplishes it. How many times have we seen evil flee before organized classes! How many times have we seen good, constructive work done by them! Many a fine executive has been trained in the Bible school.

IF the Bible school truly educates it builds the church. Some time ago I heard a minister say that the Bible school was separate from the church. I do not believe it is. I conceive of it as a very vital part of the church. They are inter-related and support each other. The main object of the Bible school in teaching the Word of God, using pedagogical methods, being thoroughly organized, is to promote church membership. Thus the school as an agency sets for its objective the saving of souls by the grace of Christ. The most illuminating figure in the school is Christ—"The Light of the World." If the school does not bear His light, it is not a true torch bearer.

As an educational agency the school should be conscious of its responsibility. The average school has but a little more than one hour a week in which to do its work in session: Only 52 times a year does it assemble for that purpose. In this time the announcements, entertainment, teaching and devotion take place. The very meagerness of the time in view of the great work to be done intensifies the situation. Other religious bodies are using 200 or 300 hours per year for religious instruction.

The teaching service of the Bible school should be correlated with that of the public schools, normal schools, colleges and universities. The Bible school should be on the lookout for trained leaders. Here is a recent statement that gives us grave concern. "The Disciples of Christ have been losing heavily in their ministerial force. On the first of January, 1919, their list of preachers was less than ten years before. Though the membership in the churches had increased, the loss in the ministerial force in the succeeding year was 78." President Andrew D. Harmon, of Cotner College, Lincoln, Nebraska, gives us the above figures. He estimates that half of the congregations have no preaching or pastoral service. If the Bible school functions properly, it will inspire the young people to pass honorably through the grades of our public schools and enter the higher institutions of learning, in preparation for a greater life service. If the Bible schools do not, then we will still go begging for teachers and preachers.

Think of what can be done in a single generation! Recently, we witnessed the catastrophe of a great world war. It came to pass because a nation was selfish and egotistic. Do you know that such flagrant, selfish ambition was taught and reached its predominance within the period of half a century? For Nietzsche it became the philosophy of the superman. For Bernhardi, the historian, it became the monster government of a superstate. Thus with the ideas of a superman and a superstate the people of Germany became so selfishly aggressive that the war of 1914-18 was inevitable. I bring you this example, only to show the outcome of teaching a doctrine within

less than a lifetime. It but points out what the organized Bible schools of the world can do within one-half century, if they would set for their goal a humanitarian and peaceful objective, using moral and spiritual means to obtain it. We can make noble men and women out of our boys and girls, if we will. New Castle, Pennsylvania.

Who Will Take John?

(A Story from Life)

By F. D. BUTCHART

IT was more than forty years ago in the days of family individuality. There was in society at large abundance of Christian spirit and helpfulness but it was wholly individualistic in expression. There was lacking that spirit of cooperation with which we are becoming increasingly familiar and which seeks to make certain that no child of misfortune shall be left without the love and care which are his birthright from the hands of the larger Christian family.

Henry Grover and his wife were the usual toiling farmers of the time, living in a middle west state. Their patch of land was neither large nor fertile and a substantial mortgage still rested upon it. Labor both in the field and in the home was largely dependent upon the strength of the arm and the length of the day. Four children had come into the home and shared alike the love and meagre family blessings. It was hard work; the father's health was poor but the outlook was daily becoming a little brighter. Then came that greatest of misfortunes of family life—Mrs. Grover was suddenly taken seriously ill and, despite every effort of love and the family physician, her life could not be saved. The day of the funeral came. The children could not understand what it all meant and the father, swept from his feet, seemed to be living in another world. He was painfully conscious of one fact which he inevitably faced, that his home would have to be broken up and the family scattered. There were plenty of neighbors and a goodly gathering of relatives at the funeral. After the service the nearest relatives gathered at the home to talk things over with the father and to help decide about what could best be done with the children. After considerable hesitant discussion, Uncle Edwin spoke up and said that they would take Elizabeth, the beautiful baby girl of eleven months, whom he was already holding tightly in his big arms. Then Aunt Sophie said that though they were poor they would give the best home they could to George, who was three years of age. Then followed a long silence broken finally by the big, deep voice of Uncle Ben declaring with tears streaming down his face that though they had five children of their own they were going to try to find room for the next boy, William. Outside the circle of relatives sat the oldest boy, John, seven years of age, shy, homely, sensitive, listening to the strange conversation with a keenness of appreciation with which he was not credited by those older. Conversation lagged, to be opened again by the father asking in deep emotional voice, "Who wants to take my oldest boy, John?" There was a long pause and no answer from hearts of love. The deep silence drove just one word full into the heart of the lonely boy,—"Nobody."

More than forty years have passed. John is now a man of more than middle life, filling a place of great usefulness in the service of humanity. He has struggled long and hard and has achieved, but he confesses to his close friends that the cold chill of the silent, "Nobody", still represses the strength and warmth of his soul.

When the question is asked today, *"Who will take John?"* our national homes, the cooperative love of the church, answers positively, *"We will"*.

Children in the Colorado Christian Home, Denver, Colorado

The three groups represent three families with widowed mothers, all bookkeepers or stenographers. This Home is meeting their needs.

Full of Years and of Honors

By W. P. AYLSWORTH

DAVID R. DUNGAN was born in Noble County, Indiana, May 15, 1837. In the spring of 1838 the family moved to Clay county remaining there fourteen years. The father was a pioneer farmer-preacher who lived to the age of eighty-eight years. During this period opportunities for education were meager, much illness in the form of "fever and ague" prevailed—quinine became a staple and was bought in quantities. In June, 1852, the family found a new home in Harrison county, Iowa. Here the country was wild, game plentiful and their health good. But there was little opportunity for education.

With such a start in life only the native ability of the country boy in this then far western home could have led him to reach the eminence which characterized his maturer years. At an early age he was baptized by C. P. Evans who, at the advanced age of ninety-two, recently passed to his reward. A year later he began to preach and continued his ministry in connection with teaching and writing.

In 1861 he married Mary Ann Kinnis of Scotch ancestry. Those who know the family intimately give her great credit for aiding and supplementing the efforts of her distinguished husband. She was a noble consecrated Christian woman of more than ordinary intelligence. Eight children were born to them. Five of these are living. Two of them, Robert M. and Dan G. are preaching the Word; "Bert" in California and Dan in Nebraska over the ground where in the early days his father "blazed the way."

The early work of D. R. Dungan shows not only ability but great versatility. He was the first chaplain in the House of Representatives in the new state of Nebraska, was for a time Regent of the University of Nebraska, also presided as a member of the school board at the beginning of the school system of Lincoln.

But his great work in his early ministry was evangelistic. Brother Dungan, associated a year later with R. C. Barrow, laid the foundation for the work of the Disciples in Nebraska. Their efforts were untiring and were abundantly rewarded. In season and out of season, in cold and heat, through storms as well as in pleasant weather, these faithful ministers went over the states of Nebraska and western Iowa making the plea for a restoration of the New Testament church. Very many of the strong and prosperous churches of today were founded by them. A few brethren remain to tell the thrilling story of these heroic days but their names are also upon the lips of many who have reaped from those early labors.

Later, in 1874, Brother Dungan returned to Iowa and filled a number of important pastorates. At the opening of Drake University he was called to the headship of the Bible department which position he successfully filled in connection with the administrative duties of vice president of the University. In 1890, at the opening of the second year of Cotner University at Lincoln, Nebraska, he was called to its presidency, being its first official head. For six years he did much to extend the influence and lay the foundation of the usefulness of Cotner. The panic in the early nineties which fell so heavily on all such enterprises led nearly to the brink of ruin this promising work and for a time threatened its existence. After his resignation from Cotner he became pastor, for a time, of one of the churches in St. Louis, afterward taking the presidency of Christian University of Canton, Missouri. Later he returned to Des Moines where he resumed his former place as teacher in the Bible department of Drake University. During his stay here, Mrs. Dungan having died some years previous, he was married to Miss Nora Madden who survives him.

His last years were spent in southern California, where, reports being credited, he has been greatly loved and honored by the large group of brethren in that paradise of aged ministers.

Three years ago he visited the state convention in Nebraska as a guest of honor and, though unable to stand, he spoke with much of his former force and eloquence.

Perhaps he rendered his most distinguished contribution to the cause of our own people as a writer. Besides many contributions to our periodical literature he wrote a number of books. "On the Rock" was a notable success in its evangelistic appeal. He was deeply loyal to the plea of the Disciples and in nearly forty debates defended his scriptural positions with marked success. He was a popular and successful teacher especially excelling as an instructor in the English Bible.

He has had much to do in preparing hundreds of our ministers for their work. Multitudes hold his name in reverence and loving remembrance.

As a companion he was full of the kindly humor that rendered his presence attractive. As one who labored at his side in the early years of Cotner it is a pleasure to pay a tribute to his memory and acknowledge a debt of gratitude for the benefits of those well remembered associations. A ripe sheaf has been gathered into God's storehouse. We shall miss him in the future activities among the people he loved and for whom he labored so long and loyally.

To live faithfully a life of great service, to die honored and loved by his brethren, to lie down to sleep in the sweet rest of a Christian's death is the abundant reward of our departed brother.

Though dead he still speaks and his works of service, through their influence, survive the grave.

Cotner College.

SPOKANE UNIVERSITY

A Man Bears Fruit

By W. R. WARREN

Main Building of Bethany College

One of the noblest academic structures in America—a masterpiece of W. K. Pendleton's genius. Oglebay Hall, in the foreground, restores the part that was burned in the early seventies.

WHEN congratulated on his gift of half a million dollars toward the endowment of Bethany College, M. M. Cochran of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, said, "A man is like a plant; there is a season for bud and blossom, but finally the time comes when he should bear fruit. I have reached that time." But what made Mordecai Mark Cochran the kind of plant that would bear such fruit, and what were the bud and blossom out of which grew the fruit?

In the first place there was sturdy, sterling Scotch ancestry like that of his friend Archibald McLean. Unlike the McLeans, but like the family of Alexander Campbell, the Cochrans had sojourned for a while in the north of Ireland and, indeed, in the same county, Antrim, with the Campbells. John Cochran settled in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1740. His son Samuel served in the Revolutionary army and being well pleased with the leadership of George Washington followed him to Western Pennsylvania, and in 1786 bought a farm at Dawson, Fayette County, that is still in the family.

Samuel's son, Mordecai, had a neighbor, John Taylor, an elder in the Bethel church near Dawson, who built two coke ovens in about 1842, but did not know what to do with them or their output. Cochran had an idea. He built two boats in 1843. He and two of his nephews launched these boats on the turbulent Youghiogheny, loaded them with coke and set out for Cincinnati, down the Yough to the Monongahela and thence down the Ohio to Cincinnati. There Mr. Cochran found Miles Greenwood, a prominent iron master, who tested the coke, bought the two boat loads and told the Cochrans he would be pleased to have all they could produce.

That was the beginning not only of several fortunes in the Cochran family, but of the Connellsville coke industry which in 1916, according to the *Connellsville Courier*, the recognized authority on such matters, produced 21,254,500 tons, and in 1918 a smaller tonnage that sold for $117,004,077, quite a development from the initial shipment of possibly a hundred tons.

But coke is not the most important product of the coke region. Mordecai Cochran had married Susan Welch and they named their thirteenth child for his father. After a year in an Ohio college he accepted his mother's advice and went to Bethany College, in West Virginia, fifty miles below Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Mr. Cochran says that the first piece of literature he remembers seeing in his mother's hand was the *Millennial Harbinger* of which Alexander Campbell was at that time the editor as well as president of Bethany College. He won her and her husband to the Restoration movement, though it was not until he was eighty years old that the latter was baptized by James Darsie, forty years after hearing Mr. Campbell's great "Sermon on the Law" in the open air when the reformer was debarred from the Redstone Baptist Association. Among other auditors of that history-making sermon was Ralph Whitsett and his bride, a daughter of Dr. Estep, one of the leading ministers of the Association and a friend of Mr. Campbell. In due course of time Mr. Cochran's son Mordecai was to marry Mr. Whitsett's granddaughter Emma.

The road from Fayette County, Pennsylvania, to Bethany, West Virginia, was already well marked by the Darsie boys and others and in the college ample justification was found for their choice. The president was W. K. Pendleton in the prime of his grace and power. Charles Louis Loos was at the head of the department of ancient languages and A. E. Dolbear, one of the inventors of the telephone, was professor of natural sciences.

But more than mathematics and sciences and languages was learned. The church was as influential as the college; and his fellow students, men like Archibald McLean and F. D. Power, in the classes ahead of him, and his own classmates, E. T. Williams, E. V. Zollars and I. J. Spencer, played almost as large a part in shaping the young man's life as the illustrious faculty. In the fall of 1874, by the hand of C. L. Loos, Mr. Cochran was baptized in the Buffalo, just above the bridge that leads from the village church out to the home and tomb of Alexander Campbell. The following June he received his diploma and returned home to take up the study of law.

As superintendent of the Bethel Sunday school he taught a class in which he had the Cunningham boys, W. D. and D. O. and their brothers.

In 1876 Mr. Cochran removed to Uniontown. In 1877 he was admitted to the bar. Though he had served as attorney for the Cochran interests it was not until 1894 that he came to share the management with his cousin Philip, at whose death in 1899 he came into the sole leadership of the business.

Mr. Cochran has been diligent in business, but always has had a higher interest in life. October 24, 1888, he organized a Bible class of fifteen members in his home. Four days later a missionary society auxiliary to the Christian Woman's Board of Missions was organized in the same room. Out of this Bible class and missionary society grew the great church of Uniontown and the unparalleled missionary service that has developed among the foreigners of Fayette County. Mr. Cochran is still treasurer of the church for which up to its twenty-fifth anniversary he had handled $176,807.17. He is still teaching in the Sunday school and constantly loyal to all other departments of the church.

It was natural that the college should call such a son to serve as one of its trustees and it was characteristic of the man that he entered upon his duties modestly but with full appreciation of the responsibility and the opportunity. At the first meeting of the trustees which he attended he found that the endowment was being consumed for current expenses and it was frankly admitted by the older trusteees that this process could continue but four or five years and then the doors of the college would have to be closed. The young lawyer did not venture to take issue with them publicly, but said to himself, "These men are mistaken; Bethany cannot be allowed to die!"

A few days before Mr. Cochran's half million dollar gift was announced I met him as he was changing cars at Connellsville returning home from Dawson. In our hurried conversation he remarked, "I appreciate your sending your daughter to Bethany," and I answered with deep feeling and conviction, "I appreciate your keeping Bethany alive so that I might send my daughter there."

Percy Bayard Cochran

The son who honored and served Bethany during his life, which Bethany enriched, and by his death, in which Bethany became his heir, and Bethany's other sons his successors forever.

Those who know the facts are of one mind in giving M. M. Cochran and Miss Campbellina Pendleton credit for keeping Bethany College alive through years of stress when every one else had given up.

One of the first things he did was to work out a plan for putting the endowment fund of the college in the hands of a trust company where it could not possibly be touched for current expenses. After this plan had been wrought out and received the endorsement of President Pendleton a meeting of the trustees was called to give it consideration. The only one who appeared was Mr. Cochran himself. That is but a sample of the sort of encouragement he received for many years. But it was not

long until the plan was adopted and in operation. So it has been with each successive effort in the school's behalf: the modest campaign for $100,000 of additional endowment in two blocks of $50,000 each, the employment of Thomas E. Cramblet and his eighteen years of conspicuous success in building up the property and the endowment of the college, the enlistment of Cloyd Goodnight to succeed President Cramblet, and the movement that is now on to put the college abreast in every respect of the best small colleges of America.

Through these years of devotion Mr. Cochran was not a man of wealth. But a steadfast man inevitably holds and attracts others to the noble cause which he espouses. So George T. Oliver, Thomas W. Phillips, R. A. Long, Earl W. Oglebay, the Irvins and many others have cooperated in not only keeping Bethany College alive but in fitting it for glorious service.

In full and consistent loyalty he sent his only son, Percy Bayard Cochran, to Bethany, and when this brilliant son, just in the beginning of his career as a lawyer and his father's partner, suddenly died in 1908 the father built the Percy B. Cochran Hall, a dormitory for men, in his memory and so handled the estate which the son left, part of which had been given to him by the father and the balance won in his profession, that it has completely paid for this handsome building. All of another block except that occupied by the new Bethany church was bought and improved with eight residences and a heating plant for all of the college buildings, and last year the presidency was endowed with $100,000. So, not counting his smaller contributions, hundreds and thousands, Mr. Cochran had put $200,000 into Bethany prior to giving the half million on January 25, 1921; "All productive," he says with satisfaction.

The death of his son was not the first or only sorrow of Mr. Cochran's life. Early in his career he was bereft of the wife of his youth and later the health of their only daughter failed so completely while she was in school that she probably will be an invalid the rest of her life. These sorrows and afflictions have but demonstrated the necessity of Christian faith and confirmed his life long purpose of seeking first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness.

Quietly but constantly and graciously Mr. Cochran has been encouraged and assisted in all of his benefactions by his present wife who was Miss Mary Schell of Somerset, Pennsylvania, a member of another famous family from which have come several ministers of the gospel and other persons of distinction.

The manner in which Mr. Cochran's gift of $500,000 was made to his Alma Mater was as fine as the gift itself. It was presented to the trusteees at a special meeting on January 25 and announced that evening by President Goodnight in a banquet of a hundred alumni and friends at Pittsburgh. No conditions are attached to the gift and with it comes $5,000 of accumulated interest on the securities. The College seeks, and will find, $500,000 more.

In the banquet Mr. Cochran briefly told the story of his relation to Bethany College and left it to President Goodnight to announce the gift. In the course of his remarks he made this memorable statement, "More can be accomplished with a given amount of effort in the church than anywhere else."

Percy B. Cochran Hall and the Main Entrance to the Bethany College Campus

In his written contract transferring the gift to the trustees there appears this statement that will be recognized as both fundamental and sufficient:

"Art. 4. In addition to the provisions aforesaid in relation to this donation, it is further specifically understood and agreed as follows, viz:—That the said Trustees of Bethany College shall conduct its College or institution of learning in a creditable and efficient manner; that the Bible Department of the College shall be kept strong and well supported; that education preparatory to the work of the Christian Ministry and Christian Service shall always be encouraged; that the Holy Scriptures shall be taught therein faithfully and not destructively and that the College shall remain loyal to the well known historic position of the people known as Disciples of Christ in the United States of America."

This brief record might have been called, "The Story of a Great Love." It is set forth not as a solitary instance of such devotion and wise investment, but as representative of many others that have gone before and of the still greater number that will follow after, until every Christian college in America is fully equipped and endowed for its supreme task of producing such men as Archibald McLean and Mordecai Cochran.

No Open Membership in China

Further Statement from Frank Garrett

There are times when the slowness of communication between the mission fields and the churches at home causes not only misunderstanding but unnecessary suffering. A month before the following letter was written, Mr. Garrett's statements of October 11 and October 15, written before the Convention's action, see December World Call, page 6, had fully satisfied the people at home who had been disturbed about the China mission. The pity is that the suffering falls upon the guiltless missionaries rather than upon the propagandists of both extremes.

The Christian-Evangelist came last night with its report of the St. Louis Convention. If correctly reported, the convention voted for my "prompt cessation of service as representative of The Disciples of Christ" if I cannot give better evidence of my loyalty to the brotherhood than I have yet given and "thus restore in the hearts of all, complete confidence."

It is contemplated that my avowing now, under the alternative of "prompt cessation of service," the same loyalty we as a mission freely and fully avowed in our letter of January 12, 1920, without thought of compulsion, will be sufficient to create full confidence. Frankly, brethren, I do not believe character and confidence, once destroyed, can be thus easily restored. A statement signed under these conditions will not be of more value than the testimony of twenty-four years of service, during which I have been as loyal as I have known how to be and have not been guilty of any of the things charged against me so far as I know.

However, I do not very well know the charges. No editor, contributor, or critic of any kind has ever spoken, written, or sent to me a word, written or printed line, to call my attention to any supposed error or fault, to restore me to the right way, or even to let me know the charges against me, and ask for explanation or rebuttal. One of my friends did send me one copy of one paper, and a quotation from another, but this was not as a part of the trial by which I have been condemned, and from which the rest of my days will not be enough to allow me to recover.

I trust that in the future others under trial may be given some hearing before judgment is passed, and also that a patient effort be made to get at most of the important facts before any great disturbance is made in the brotherhood.

Now a word as to the mission. Its members have sometimes recognized a Presbyterian, a Methodist, or even a Quaker as a Christian. They have allowed these to work and worship with them. They have counted such as a part of the Christian force standing with them against heathenism. In exceptional cases some of these have been employed. But never so far as I know have your representatives placed such a one's name on the roll when this little group was organized into a New Testament church with elders and deacons. Before this organization, lines have not been so closely drawn. I do not know of any case where one unimmersed has urged that his or her name be written on the roll. When we extend them all possible Christian courtesies, a place for work and worship, they ask no more.

But now union movements are forming. If we go into them in any very definite way we will have to face these questions under somewhat changed conditions. We want to have some share in union movements. The mission faced calmly and as clearly as we could the facts as they appeared at that time with an effort to see whereunto they would lead. We favored presenting the situation to our Executive Committee, asking their guidance. This the mission did, pledging its loyalty to the brotherhood and asking to know the mind of the brotherhood. We took no vote on open membership or district control of local churches. The Executive Committee replied that the brotherhood would not favor either of these steps. This was reported to the mission and there the matter has ended. The mission has taken no action since, but should it do so I have no doubt it would be one of hearty and loyal keeping of its pledge made to the brotherhood.

FRANK GARRETT.

Nantungchow, December 4, 1920.

The Bible in Latin America

By SAMUEL G. INMAN

THE HONORABLE ARTURO ALESSANDRI, just before taking his seat as President of the Republic of Chile, the first of this year, received a committee of Protestant missionaries who presented to him a copy of the Bible. He is reported in *"El Heraldo Cristiano"* of Santiago to have made the following remarkable statement:

"I am a Christian. I believe in the teachings of Christ. I drink water from the pure fountain, but not from the muddy swamps; I accept the wholesome doctrines of the Bible, but I reject the accretions of the Church of Rome.

"This book given me by you gentlemen shall not be separated from me; it shall be my guide. I shall know how to value it at its true worth, and should Congress confirm my election, once I am in the presidential office I shall labor unceasingly for genuine and complete liberty of conscience. I have taken notice of and hold in high esteem the cultural and moral work carried on by you Protestants throughout the republic, and if I become President, the doors of the palace shall always be open to you that I may aid in any labors you undertake."

This is a far call from such scenes as the burning of Bibles in public plazas and the imprisonment of colporteurs for no other crime than selling the Word of God. The stories of such burnings and imprisonments are innumerable. One of the outstanding cases of such imprisonment was that of the Rev. Francisco G. Penzotti, an Italian Swiss who had emigrated to South America and been converted by reading the Gospel of St. John which came into his hands. His life, following his conversion, reads like a miracle. As agent of the American Bible Society he tramped over the mountains from Argentina to Peru selling Bibles (a quarter of a century ago).

When he arrived at the port of Callao, Peru, he found such fierce opposition that the priests threatened him with all kinds of dire calamities if he did not cease selling this evil book. But Penzotti could not be stopped by any threats of men when he was so sure of his duty. At that time the constitution of Peru provided that the religion of the nation was Roman Catholic to the exclusion of all others. Indeed this provision continued in force up until 1915. Penzotti was arrested, put into jail and kept there for six months, with seemingly no hope for a trial.

His delivery was one of the dramatic incidents of missionary history. It was accomplished largely by Mr. E. E. Olcott, the well known Christian layman of New York City, who today is most active in the work of the Committee on Cooperation in Latin America. Mr. Olcott, hearing of Penzotti's situation, visited him in prison and was able to take a picture of him behind the bars, unbeknown to the authorities. This picture was slipped out of the country and later published in the New York Herald. This caused such a stir in the United States and England that Penzotti was released from jail.

The Bible colporteur is one of the most noble of the missionary figures in Latin America. The first man to introduce the Bible into Latin America was Rev. James Thomson, who was the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, as well as the introducer of the Lancasterian school system into South America. The texts used for reading in these schools was the Bible without notes as published by the Society he represented. Mr. Thomson visited Argentina, Chile, Peru, Colombia and Venezuela and received a welcome and material aid from all these governments. In Chile a room at the university was placed at his disposal where he might establish his system. Money grants were given him in most cases by the governments, and even the Church, through its liberal clergy, aided and abetted his work. The result was that not a few of the leading men became liberalized and gladly welcomed the introduction of the gospel. Many statesmen secured copies of the Bible and studied it and professed to be guided by its teaching. But the schools of this system soon disappeared, probably due to the lack of proper teachers, as also to the persecution that was awakened among the obscurantists because of the introduction of the Bible.

BIBLE colporteurs accompanying the American army in their invasion of Mexico in 1847 were responsible for groups of Mexicans being gathered to study the Word of God. When Protestant missionaries entered the country 25 years later they found little groups prepared for their teachings because of the study of the Bibles left by these colporteurs. One missionary tells of passing along a country road and hearing a group of people chanting weirdly. He followed the sound and found some people who had obtained a Protestant song-book and a Bible and for several years had been meeting to study the Bible and, acting on its teachings, had obeyed as far as they knew how the commands of the New Testament. I suppose there is not a missionary in Mexico who has not many times found his path prepared for him by the Bible colporteur.

One of the outstanding missionaries of Latin America is Dr. H. C. Tucker, of Brazil, who went to that country some 35 years ago as the agent of the American Bible Society. In those days it was very dangerous for a Protestant missionary to work in the interior of Brazil. Dr. Tucker however carried the Bibles into the remotest places of that great land and his book "The Bible in Brazil" is full of enchanting stories. A few years ago I was in Montevideo, Uruguay, with Dr. Tucker and a number of other missionaries considering problems of the Kingdom in that part of the world. We found out that that day marked the thirtieth anniversary of Dr. Tucker's coming to Brazil and when we insisted on his telling of some of his experiences he agreed to relate an incident which he was loathe to make public because it was so

sacred to him. I trust he will pardon my giving it here for it has a great lesson not only concerning the Bible but all that lies behind the teachings of that great Book.

Dr. Tucker and a young Brazilian man were in a very fanatical interior town when the priest aroused a mob against them because of their selling this prohibited Book. As the mob charged on the two faithful agents, young Tucker held up his hand and cried in Portuguese, "Wait a moment, I have something to tell you." While the mob stopped a moment in its mad rush, he began quoting "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him shall not perish but have ever-lasting life." Hurrying on he began to explain the meaning of that wonderful passage. The mob became more and more interested. One by one the men silently dropped their stones and eagerly leaned forward so as not to lose a word of this wonderful message. He talked to them for an hour and having won the crowd, stayed in the village two days longer selling Scriptures.

When Dr. Tucker returned to Rio de Janeiro weeks later he found a letter from his mother saying that she had felt that in some way he had been in trouble and just that day she had gone into her room and spent a long time in earnest prayer for her boy. On comparing dates Dr. Tucker found that the very hour in which his mother was praying for him was the hour when the mob was determined to take his life.

THOSE who are interested in the work of the missionary societies do not always appreciate the great debt that we owe to the American Bible Society whose colporteurs have sown the Scriptures in every district in all of Latin America and have therefore prepared the way for the coming of the preacher and the teacher.

In Central America, where so little missionary work has been done, the American Bible Society has been preparing the way for a half a century and it is said now that in every community there can be found people who have read the Bible and are ready to be led into an organized Christian society.

The first work of the American Bible Society in Central America was done by the Rev. D. H. Wheeler, the Seaman's Friendly Society chaplain at Aspinwall, who, during the period of 1854-56, distributed Scriptures along the line of the Panama railroad and in the hotels of Aspinwall, Gatun and Chagres. In 1856 he was commissioned agent of the Society and sent to Nicaragua, where he met a tragic fate. It was just at the time when the American filibuster, William Walker, had succeeded in getting possession of the country and, during the course of a battle between Walker and the Nicaraguan troops, some Nicaraguan cavalry made a raid upon Granada and every man capable of bearing arms was ordered to join the native forces. Mr. Wheeler and two other Americans in the same house with him refused to do so on the ground that they were Americans and neutrals, whereupon they were taken out of the city and shot.

One of the most thrilling days that I have ever experienced was that spent in visiting Antigua, the old Spanish capital of Central America, now almost abandoned, forty miles from Guatemala City. Very near Antigua is the center of one of the great Indian tribes of Guatemala, which country contains more than a million Indians who are still living in the same uncivilized state as before the white men first came to America. The little mission to the Indians in the suburbs of Antigua appealed to one as being the most real kind of mission service. The young American missionaries have built a little thatch-roofed cottage with their own hands. One will never see anything more beautiful than the way Mrs. Townsend had fixed up this little house with walls of cane and partitions made of Indian curtains, with banana leaves, palm trees and all of nature's riches used for practical and ornamental purposes. In the rear of the cottage is found the church in the wild and we were fortunate enough to meet the congregation of some fifty men, women and children in their little service.

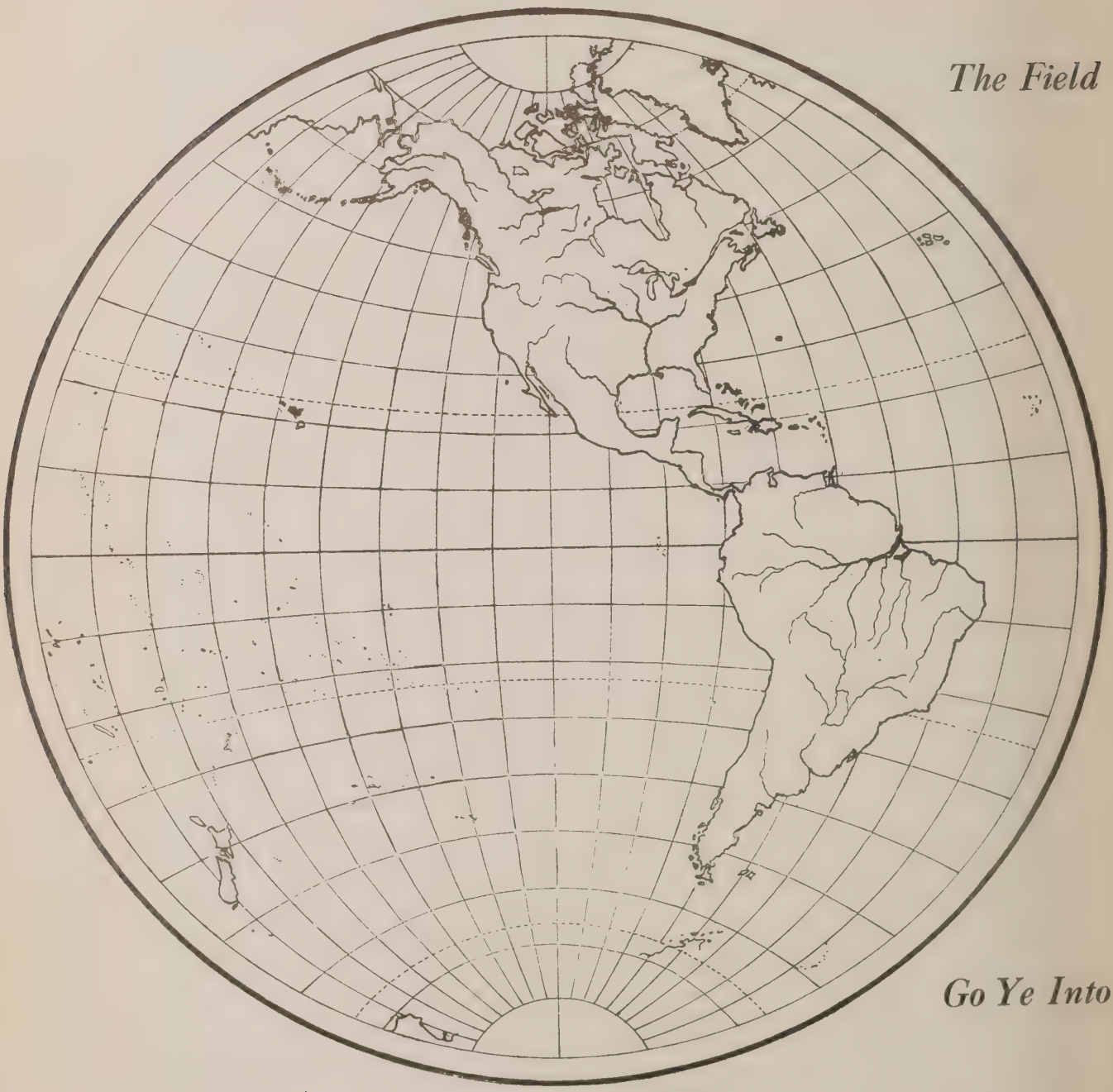
The story of the beginning of the mission is one of those romances not so uncommon in Latin America. A colporteur passing through this district interested an Indian in a Bible because of its beautiful binding. After buying it, he showed it to the parish priest, who told him it was a very dangerous book. He kept it, however, in his home as a decoration. His boy, after learning to read, began to peruse the book. When his father found this out he gave him a terrible beating. Years after, when the father had died, the boy began to read the book again and learned from one of his friends that another such book existed in the village. They brought them together to compare them, and exchanged views as to the meaning of the book. Several other Indians were brought into the group, until there were finally eight who were reading and studying the Scriptures, guided by the few who were able to read Spanish. These, hearing that there was a man in Antigua who could explain this book more clearly to them, went to the missionary there and invited him to come to work among them. It was then that Mr. and Mrs. Townsend began work in San Antonio. They soon found it so interesting that they decided to move into the community itself, where they could give all of their time to the work. They now have eighty baptized believers, members of the church, and fifteen in a little day school. One of the little girls walked from San Antonio to Guatemala City in order to attend the missionary conference there. She appeared before the conference and counted in English, Spanish and her native tongue.

A few nights ago I was speaking at an open forum in New York City concerning the ways of developing friendship between North and South America. When the question was thrown open for discussion a young man, who proved to be a Porto Rican, arose and said more or less the following:

"As has well been pointed out, Latin America is behind in its development because the church there has been opposed to education and above all to the circulation of the Bible among

(*Concluded on page* 36.)

United Christian



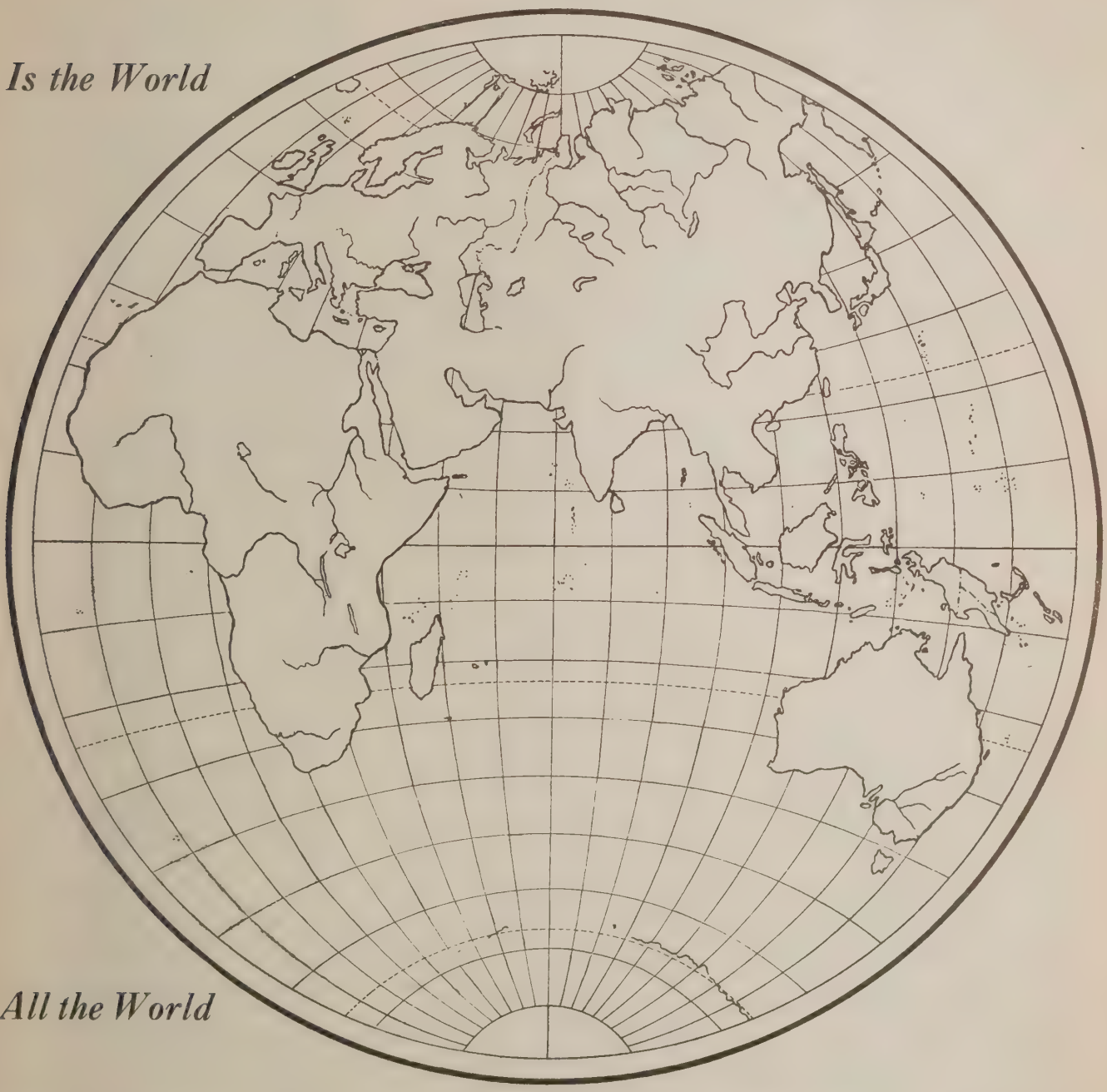
Missionaries in the Foreign Fields

For Whom A. McLean Prayed Daily

Abbott, Miss Lillian F., Nanking, China.
Adamson, Miss Vera, Laoag, Ilocos Norte, P. I.
Agnew, Mrs. Alice, 135 Gastamtide, Manila, P. I.
Alexander, W. B., Jubbulpore, C. P., India
Alexander, Mrs. W. B., Jubbulpore, C. P. India.
Alumbaugh, Miss Goldie P., Lotumbe, Via Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.
Andrus, Miss Ivalu S., Pendra Road, C. P., India.
Armbruster, Miss Rose T., Akita, Japan. (1921 address—1365 Wiggins Ave., Springfield, Ill.)
Asbury, Miss Jessie, 4250 San Chome Daido, Tennoji, Osaka, Japan.
Bacon, Wallace C., Nantungchow, China.
Bacon, Mrs. Wallace C., Nantungchow, China.
Baird, Geo. B., Luchowfu, Via Wuhu, China.
Baird, Mrs. Eva R., Luchowfu, Via Wuhu, China.
Barger, Dr. G. J. P. Bolenge, Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.
Barger, Mrs. G. J. P., Bolenge, Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.
Bateman, Miss Martha, Monieka, Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.
Bender, Miss Anna K., Harda, C. P., India.
Benlehr, C. E., Damoh, C. P., India.
Benlenr, Mrs. C. E. Damoh, C. P., India.
Bierma, J. N., Rath, U. P., India.
Bierma, Mrs. J. N., Rath, U. P., India.
Bro, A. C., Chuchow, Anhwei Province, China.

Missionary Society

Is the World



All the World

Bro. Mrs. A. C., Chuchow, Anhwei Province, China.
Brown. Justin E., Luchowfu, Via Wuhu, China.
Brown, Mrs. Justin E., Luchowfu, Via Wuhu, China.
Burgess, Miss Mattie M., Bina, C. P., India.
Butchart, Mrs. Jas., Vermont, Illinois (China).
Byerlie, David, Bolenge, Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.
Byerlie, Mrs. David, Bolenge, Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.

Campbell, Miss Mary, Harda, C. P. India.
Carlton, Miss Fanny, Bayamon, Porto Rico.
Carpenter, V. C., Bayamon, Porto Rico.
Carpenter, Mrs. V. C., Bayamon. Porto Rico.
Clarke, Miss Mary L., Kulpahar, U. P., India.
Clawson, Miss Bertha, Takinagawa, Tokyo, Japan.
Collins, Miss Lillian B., Luchowfu, China.
Cornelius, E. T., Apartado 147, Aguascalientes, Ags., Mexico.
Cornelius, Mrs. Lottie R., Apartado 147, Aguascalientes, Ags., Mexico.
Cowdrey, Miss Anna B., Kulpahar, U. P., India.
Crozier, Dr. Jenny E., Bilaspur, C. P., India.
Cunningham, Mrs. D. O., 364 Downey Ave., Indianapolis, Ind. (India).

Dale, Miss Edna P., Nanking, China.
Davis, E. C., Kulpahar, U. P., India.
Davis, Mrs. E. C., Kulpahar, U. P., India.
Dill, Dr. Osee May, Kulpahar, U. P., India.
Dieter, Miss Margaret, Luchowfu, Via Wuhu, China.
Dobson, R. A., Halfway Tree P. O., Jamaica, B. W. I.
Dobson, Mrs. R. A., Halfway Tree P. O., Jamaica, B. W. I.
Dobson, C. C., 4 a de Galeana No. 37, San Luis Potosi, S. L. P., Mexico.
Dobson, Mrs. C. C., 4 a de Galeana No. 37, San Luis Potosi, S. L. P., Mexico.
Drummond, Dr. C. C., Harda, C. P., India.
Drummond, Mrs. C. C., 1825 Prospect St., Lincoln, Nebr. (India).
DuPee, Miss Nina, Nantungchow, China.
Dye, Dr. Royal J., 1142 Orange Drive, Hollywood, Los Angeles, Calif. (Africa).
Dye, Mrs. Royal J., 1142 Orange Drive, Hollywood, Los Angeles, Calif. (Africa).

Eberle, Miss Edith, Laoag-Ilocos Norte, (Philippines).
Edwards, W. H., 1646 Fullerton Ave., Detroit, Mich. (Africa).

Edwards, Mrs. W. H., 1646 Fullerton Ave., Detroit, Mich. (Africa).
Edwards, Moody, 4 a de Galeana No. 37, San Luis Potosi, S. L. P., Mexico.
Edwards, Mrs. Moody, 4 a de Galeana No. 37, San Luis Potosi, S. L. P., Mexico.
Elliott, A. E., Casilla de Correo 241, Asuncion, Paraguay, S. America.
Elliott, Mrs. A. E., Casilla de Correo 241, Asuncion, Paraguay, S. America.
Elsam, C. G., Bina, C. P., India.
Elsam, Mrs. C. G., Bina, C. P., India.
Ely, Miss Lois A., Luchowfu, via Wuhu, China.
Ennis, Miss Emma J., Bilaspur, C. P., India.
Erskine, W. H., 5825 Maryland Ave., Chicago, Ill. (Japan).
Erskine, Mrs. W. H., 5825 Maryland Ave., Chicago, Ill. (Japan).

Fleming, Dr. Jennie V., Mungeli, C. P., India.
Ford, Miss Lucile G., Mahoba, U. P., India.
Franklin, Miss Josepha, Damoh, C. P. India.
Franklin, Miss Stella, Mungeli, C. P. India.
Frymire, Dr. W. A., Lotumbe, Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.
Frymire, Mrs. W. A., Lotumbe, Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.
Furman, Miss Myrtle, Rath, U. P., India.

Garrett, Frank, Nantungchow, China.
Garrett, Mrs. Frank, Nantungchow, China.
Garst, Miss Gretchen, Akita, Japan.
Garton, Miss Lulu Ethel, Jhansi, U. P., India.
Gibbons, Miss Pearl, Colegio Morelos, Aguascalientes, Ags., Mexico.
Gish, E. P., Nanking, China.
Gish, Mrs. E. P., Nanking, China.
Gordon, W. E., Jhansi, U. P., India.
Gordon, Dr. Ada McN., Jhansi, U. P., India.
Grainger, O. J., 1014 E. 61st St., Chicago, Ill. (India).
Grainger, Mrs. O. J., 1014 E. 61st St., Chicago, Ill. (India).
Gray, Miss Cammie, W. Gate Christian Mission, Wuhu, China.
Griffith, Miss Olive, Jhansi, U. P., India.

Hagin, Miss Edith, Tokyo, Japan.
Hagin, F. E., Tokyo, Japan.
Hagin, Mrs. F. E., Tokyo, Japan.
Haigat, Miss Orah M., Jhansi, U. P., India.
Hagman, Dr. G. L., Nantungchow, Kiangsu Prov., China.
Hagman, Mrs. G. L., Nantungchow, Kiangsu, Prov., China.
Hamilton, C. H., 318 E. Wysor St., Muncie, Indiana (China).
Hamilton, Mrs. C. H., 318 E. Wysor St., Muncie, Indiana (China).
Hanna, W. H., 444 Taft Ave., Manila, P. I.
Hanna, Mrs. W. H., 444 Taft Ave., Manila, P. I.
Hardy, Dr. W. M., Batang, P. O. Atuntze, Via Yunnanfu and Hiaphong, W. China.
Hardy, Mrs. W. M., Batang, P. O., Atuntze, Via Yunnanfu and Hiaphong, W. China.
Harnar, F. E., Harda, C. P., India.
Harnar, Mrs. F. E., Harda, C. P., India.
Haskell, W. W., Wuhu, China.
Haskell, Mrs. W. W., Wuhu, China.
Hedges, C. P., Monieka, Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.
Hedges, Mrs. C. P., Monieka, Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.
Hensey, A. F., Bolenge, Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.
Hensey, Mrs. A. F., Bolenge, Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.
Higdon, E. K., 450 Taft St., Manila, P. I.
Higdon, Mrs. E. K., 450 Taft St., Manila, P. I.
Hill, T. Newton, Bina, C. P. India.
Hill, Mrs. T. Newton, Bina, C. P., India.
Hobgood, H. C., College of Missions, Indianapolis, Ind. (Africa).
Hobgood, Mrs. H. C., College of Missions, Indianapolis, Ind.
Holder, W. R., Bolenge-Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.
Holder, Mrs. W. R., Bolenge-Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.
Holroyd, Ben, Nanking, China.
Holroyd, Mrs. Ben., Nanking, China.
Huegel, F. S., Colegio Morelos, Aguascalientes, Ags., Mexico.
Huegel, Mrs. F. S., Colegio Morelos, Aguascalientes, Ags., Mexico.
Hughes, Fred W., Buenos Aires, Argentina, South America.
Hughes, Mrs. Fred W., Buenos Aires, Argentina, South America.
Hunt, W. R., 10 Balfour Ave., Hanwell, London, W. England (China).
Hunt, Mrs. W. R., 10 Balfour Ave., Hanwell, London, W. England (China).

Irelan, Miss Elma C., Colegio Morelos, Aguascalientes, Ags. Mexico.

Jaggard, Dr. L. F., Monieka, Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.
Jaggard, Mrs. Wilhelma Smith, Monieka, Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.
Jeter, Miss Mary L., Jubbulpore, C. P., India.

Johnston, E. A., Monieka, Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.
Johnston, Mrs. A. E. Monieka, Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.

Kelly, Miss Mary, Nanking, China.
Kingsbury, Miss Mary, Bilaspur, C. P., India.

Leach, H. P., Casilla de Correo 241, Asuncion, Paraguay, S. America.
Leach, Mrs. H. P., Casilla de Correo 241, Asuncion, Paraguay, S. America.
Lediard, Miss Mary F., 16 Nakanaga, Machi, Akita, Japan.
Legg, Miss Della G., Nanking, China.
Lemmon, Dr. W. N., Brownfield, Texas, (Philippines).
Lemmon, Mrs. W. N., Brownfield, Texas (Philippines).
Lemon, Miss Hallie, Aguascalientes Ags., Mexico.
Lemmon, Robt. B., Cramer 2654, Belgrano, Buenos Aires, Argentina, S. America.
Lemmon, Mrs. Robt. B., Cramer 2654, Belgrano, Buenos Aires, Argentina, S. Amer.
Lines, Ezra A., 4 a de Galeana No. 37, San Luis Potosi, S. L. P., Mexico.
Lines, Mrs. Ezra A., 4 a de Galeana No. 37, San Luis Potosi, S. L. P., Mexico.
Livengood, Fay E., Jubbulpore, India.
Livengood, Mrs. Fay E., Jubbulpore, India.
Longdon, Dr. Mary, Pendra Road, C. P., India.
Lyons, Miss Emma, Nanking, China.

Macdougall, W. C., Jubbulpore, C. P., India.
Macdougall, Mrs. W. C., Jubbulpore, C. P., India.
Macklin, Dr. W. E., Nanking, China.
Macklin, Mrs. W. E., Nanking, China.
Major, Miss Laura Lynne, Luchowfu, China.
McCall, C. F., Akita, Japan.
McCall, Mrs. C. F., Akita, Japan.
McCallum, Miss Effie B., 1165 Will St., Eugene, Ore. (China).
McCaw, C. C., 450 Taft St., Manila, P. I.
McCaw, Mrs. C. C., 450 Taft St., Manila, P. I.
McCoy, R. D., Takinagawa, Tokyo, Japan.
McCoy, Mrs. R. D., Takinagawa, Tokyo, Japan.
McGavran, Dr. Mary T., Damoh, C. P., India.
McWilliams, S. S., Rivadavia 6100, Buenos Aires, Argentina. S. America.
McWilliams, Mrs. S. S., Rivadavia 6100, Buenos Aires, Argentina, S. America.
MacLeod, R. A., Batang, P. O., Atuntze, Yunnanfu and Hiaphong, W. China.
MacLeod, Mrs. R. A., Batang, P. O., Atuntze. Yunnanfu and Hiaphong, W. China.
Madsen, N., Pendra Road, C. P., India.
Madsen, Mrs. N., Pendra Road, C. P., India.
Marx, Edwin, Nanking, China.
Marx, Mrs. Edwin, Nanking, China.
Meigs, Mrs. F. E., Nanking, China.
Menzies, W. G., Pendra Road, C. P., India.
Menzies, Mrs. W. G., Pendra Road, C. P., India.
Miller, Dr. G. E., Bilaspur, C. P., India.
Miller, Mrs. G. E., Bilaspur, C. P., India.
Mills, Miss Florence A., Bayamon, Porto Rico.
Molland, Mrs. Lily W., Nanking, China.
Moody, J. E., Bilaspur, C. P., India.
Moody, Mrs. J. E., Bilaspur, C. P., India.
Moon, E. R., Mondombe, Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.
Moon, Mrs. E. R., Mondombe, Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.
Morton, C. Manly, Casilla de Correo 241, Asuncion, Paraguay, S. America.
Morton, Mrs. C. Manly, Casilla de Correo 241, Asuncion, Paraguay, S. America.
Mosher, Dr. Geo. E., Lotumbe, Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.
Mosher, Mrs. Geo. E., Lotumbe, Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.
Mullin, Miss Annie V., Harda, C. P., India.
Musgrave, Miss Ruth, Lotumbe, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.

Nicholson, Miss Neva, Mungeli, C. P., India.
Norment, Malcolm L., Casilla de Correo 241, Asuncion, Paraguay, S. America.
Norment, Mrs. Malcolm L., Casilla de Correo 241, Asuncion, Paraguay, S. America.

Ogden, J. C., Batang, P. O. Atuntze, Via Yunnanfu and Hiaphong, W. China.
Ogden, Mrs. J. C., Batang, P. O. Atuntze, Via Yunnanfu and Hiaphong, W. China.
Oldham, Miss Lavinia, 328 Aylsford Place, Lexington, Ky. (Japan) Retired.
Oliphant, L. D., 1463 S. Grant, Denver, Colo. (Japan).
Oliphant, Mrs. L. D., 1463 S. Grant, Denver, Colo. (Japan).
Orvis, Miss Mary Irene, Rivadavia 6100, Buenos Aires Argentina, S. America.
Osgood, Dr. E. I., Chuchow, Via Nanking, China.
Osgood, Mrs. E. I., Chuchow, Via Nanking, China.

Palmer, Miss Jewell, c/o C. E. Robinson, Minenatsu, Sunoyshi, Osaka, Japan.
Parker, Miss Edith, Takinogawa, Tokyo, Japan.
Paul, Alexander, College of Missions, Indianapolis, Ind. (China).
Paul, Mrs. Alexander, College of Missions, Indianapolis, Ind. (China).
Pearson, Dr. Ernest B., Mondombe, Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.
Pearson, Mrs. Ernest B., Mondombe, Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.
Perry, T. C., Bayamon, Porto Rico.
Perry, Mrs. T. C., Bayamon, Porto Rico.
Pickett, Dr. C. L., Laoag, Ilocos Norte, P. I.
Pickett, Mrs. C. L., Laoag, Ilocos Norte, P. I.
Plopper, C. H., Hartford Theol. Seminary, Hartford, Conn. (China).
Plopper, Mrs. C. H., Hartford Theol. Seminary, Hartford, Conn. (China).
Pope, Miss Caroline E., Mahoba, U. P., India.
Purdy, G. D., Lawrence Tavern P. O., Jamaica.
Purdy, Mrs. G. D., Lawrence Tavern P. O., Jamaica.

Randall, J. E., Kingston, Jamaica.
Randall, Mrs. J. E., Kingston, Jamaica.
Reavis, Tolbert F., Buenos Aires, Argentina, S. America.
Reavis, Mrs. Tolbert F., Buenos Aires, Argentina, S. America.
Rice, Ray E., Damoh, C. P., India.
Rice, Mrs. Ray E., Damoh, C. P., India.
Rioch, David, Mungeli, C. P., India.
Rioch, Mrs. David, Mungeli, C. P., India.
Ritchey, George E., Nanking, China.
Ritchey, Mrs. George E., Nanking, China.
Robinson, C. E., Minenatsu, Sunoyshi, Osaka, Japan.
Robinson, Mrs. C. E., Minenatsu, Sunoyshi, Osaka, Japan.
Ross, Emory, Bolenge, Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.
Ross, Mrs. Emory, Bolenge, Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.
Rothermel, S. G., Maudaha-Ragaul, U. P., India.
Rothermel, Dr. Zoena S., Maudaha-Ragaul, U. P., India.
Russell, Miss Leno L., Bina, C. P., India.

Sarvis, Guy W., Nanking, China.
Sarvis, Mrs. Guy W., Nanking, China.
Saum, H. C., Mungeli, C. P., India.
Saum, Mrs. H. C., Mungeli, C. P., India.
Schaefer, Harry, Bilaspur, C. P., India.
Schaefer, Mrs. Harry, Bilaspur, C. P., India.
Scott, Miss Ada, Tokyo, Japan.
Scott, W. H., Harda, C. P., India.
Scott, Mrs. W. H., Harda, C. P., India.
Settlemeyer, Mrs. C. S., China (At Home).
Shelton, Dr. A. L., 831 N. Grubb St., Pomona, Cal. (Tibet).
Shelton, Mrs. A. L., 831 N. Grubb St., Pomona, Cal. (Tibet).
Smith, Miss Ina Elizabeth, 4 a de Galeana No. 37, San Luis Potosi, S. L. P., Mexico.
Smith, Herbert, Lotumbe, Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.
Smith, Mrs. Herbert, Lotumbe, Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.
Smith, Miss Zona, Cramer 2654 Belgrano, Buenos Aires, Argentina. S. America.
Springer, Mrs. Geo. E., Maudaha-Ragaul, U. P., India.
Stevenson, Dr. Paul H., Luchowfu, China.
Stevenson, Mrs. Paul H., Luchowfu, China.
Stipp, F. V., 5661 Drexel Ave., Chicago, Ill. (Philippines).
Stipp, Mrs. F. V., 5661 Drexel Ave., Chicago, Ill. (Philippines).
Swanson, Herbert, Vigan, P. I.
Swanson, Mrs. Herbert, Vigan, P. I.

Teagarden, Miss Lyrel G., Nanking, China.
Thomson, C. H., Mahoba, U. P., India.
Thomson, Dr. Bertha M., Mahoba, U. P., India.
Thompson, Miss Mary, Harda, C. P., India.
Thorp, Miss Minta E., Kulpahar, U. P., India.

Vannoy, Dr. C. A., Buenos Aires, Argentina. S. America.
Vannoy, Mrs. C. A., Buenos Aires. Argentina, S. America.
Vance, Miss Zonetta, Kulpahar U. P. India.
Vautrin, Miss Minnie L., Nanking, China.

Ware, Mrs. James, 20 Kewn Ming Road, Shanghai, China.
Watson, B. E., Tokyo, Japan.
Watson, Mrs. B. E., Tokyo, Japan.
Wells, Miss Goldie, Mondombe, Coquilhatville, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.
Wilkinson, Miss Wenona, Luchowfu, China.
Wilmot, Dr. Frank, Nanking, China.
Wilmot, Mrs. Frank, Nanking, China.
Wolfe, Leslie, 2703 Carpenter St., Des Moines, Iowa (Philippines).
Wolfe, Mrs. Leslie, 2703 Carpenter St., Des Moines, Iowa (Philippines).

Young, Thos. A., 49 Shin Machi, Fukuskima, Japan.
Young, Mrs. Thos. A., 49 Shin Machi, Fukuskima, Japan.

Summary of the Work on Foreign Fields

Number of Fields	10
Populations of fields	29,805,195
Stations	40
Outstations	461
Missionaries	282
Native Workers	1,393
Churches	198
Membership	20,510
Baptisms, last year	3,129
Sunday Schools	510
Membership	25,573
Endeavor Societies	1,606
Endeavor Enrollment	9,186
Church Buildings	226
Value	$231,765.00
Schools and Colleges	383
Schools and Colleges, Enrollment	13,276
Fees	$47,648.92
Value of School Buildings	$702,840.00
Hospitals	19
Dispensaries	6
Treatments	254,421
Value of Hospital Buildings	$170,083.00
Fees	$65,371.11
Orphanages	8
Orphans	615
Value of Buildings	$37,165.00
Presses	4
Value	$9,111.00
Contributed by Native Churches for Self Support	$15,077.97
Contributed by Native Churches for Missions	$3,321.53
Contributed by Missionaries	$8,100.54
Total raised on field	$187,572.72
Total value of property	$1,591,446.00

Some Necessities of the Fields

TIBET	
Pensions	$ 100.00
Medicines	1,200.00
Balance on School	1,125.00
Books	700.00
Scholarships	1,000.00
Supplies	1,000.00
Lectures	500.00
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS	
Completing two homes	$2,000.00
Doctor's home—Laoag	6,000.00
Baguio residence	4,000.00
Pensions	240.00
JAPAN	
Akita fence	$ 750.00
Student paper	100.00
Women's College	1,700.00
Women's College	3,000.00
Gym. Fund, Margaret K. Long Girls' School	940.00
Pensions	440.00
CHINA	
Medical Expenses	$ 862.50
Medicine—Chuchow	300.00
Hsai Kwau School Building	1,050.00
Hsai Kwau School Equipment	187.50
Chapel South Gate Nanking	750.00
Wuhu Academy—Residence	3,750.00
University Nanking Hospital upkeep	1,125.00
Ginling College Building	5,000.00
Ginling College Building upkeep	3,000.00
Luchowfu—Hospital equipment	2,000.00
Pensions	650.00
SOUTH AMERICA	
Opening of Parana, Argentina	$12,000.00
Payment on College—Americano	10,000.00
Home for Missionary	2,000.00
Pension Payment	80.00
Medical Allowance	1,600.00
INDIA	
Pension Premiums	$1,550.00
Medical Bills	590.00
Automobile upkeep	520.00
Kitchen for Medical Ward, Bilaspur	335.00
Sanitarium Ward, Pendra Road	3,600.00
Kulpahar, Boys' Home	8,500.00
Maudaha Chapel and School	1,000.00
Damoh—City Water for Hospital	135.00
Damoh—City Water for Boarding School	750.00
Surgical Instruments, Mungeli	500.00
MEXICO	
San Luis Potosi	
Extra school room	$500.00
Institute Equipment	300.00
Medical Equipment	300.00
Aguas Calientes	
Room for teacher	1,500.00
Chapel	2,000.00
Annex to school building	1,000.00
Institute Equipment	300.00

Of course the above are only partial and suggestive items. Many persons like to give for specific objects in special fields: these and similar items afford a practically unlimited range of selection. The work of the United Christian Missionary Society reaches clear around the world and covers every sort of Christian service to every possible condition of humanity.

The main volume of outlay for the support of the missionaries and native workers is not touched by the foregoing items; for this, dependence must be upon the regular undesignated contributions of churches, Sunday schools and individuals.

Only a little consideration is needed for any one to realize both that fuller support should be given the missionaries who are already at work and that reinforcements to double their numbers should be sent out as rapidly as possible. Think of ten great fields with populations that total nearly thirty million souls. Half of these are adults that will soon pass beyond our reach. If we have any message for them it must be delivered soon. Think of the other fifteen millions of children and youth whom we may mold into the very image of their Redeemer if we will. Nothing more is needed to compel the conclusion that we ought at once to double our investment both of men and money in this supreme enterprise of the Church of Christ.

Comparative Statement of Receipts

For Four Months Ending January 31, 1921

	1920	1921	Gain
United Christian Missionary Society			
Churches	$115,462.86	$108,680.72	$ 6,782.14*
Sunday Schools	82,427.86	84,989.35	2,561.49
Christian Endeavor Societies	3,711.25	3,007.02	704.23*
Individuals and Men and Millions Movement	135,269.27	50,295.36	84,973.91*
Bequests	10,703.11	15,289.11	4,576.00
Annuities	68,409.26	54,725.00	13,684.26*
Interest and Rent	33,798.50	42,397.91	8,599.41
Missionary Societies and Circles	113,570.22	134,584.02	21,013.80
Children's Organizations	2,627.57	2,922.21	294.64
Mission Fields and Institutions	5,574.87	5,806.93	232.06
Subscriptions and Literature	5,492.31	7,769.92	2,277.61
Miscellaneous	24,774.25	37,095.38	12,321.13
	$601,831.33	$547,562.93	$54,268.40*
Board of Education			
Churches	$4,927.26	$ 4,917.00	$ 10.26*
Colleges	1,150.00	1,014.60	135.40*
Interest		3.20	3.20
World Movement		10,270.34	10,270.34
Miscellaneous	763.80	181.88	581.92*
Underwriting Fund		28,000.00	28,000.00
	$6,841.06	$44,387.02	$37,545.96
Board of Temperance and Social Welfare			
Churches	$ 946.61	$1,250.53	$ 303.92
Sunday Schools	33.19	16.65	16.54*
Men and Millions and Individuals	2,842.66	250.00	2,592.66*
Miscellaneous	755.16	1,628.24	873.08
	$4,577.62	$3,145.42	$1,432.20*
Association for the Promotion of Christian Unity			
Churches and Sunday Schools	$1,251.49	$1,299.83	$ 48.34
Individuals	240.60	911.70	671.10
Literature	12.75	3.15	9.60*
Interest	10.03	12.18	2.15
Miscellaneous		8.80	8.80
	$1,514.87	$2,235.66	$720.79
Grand Total for All Boards			
Churches	$122,588.22	$116,148.08	$ 6,440.14*
Sunday Schools	82,461.05	85,006.00	2,544.95
Christian Endeavor Societies	3,711.25	3,007.02	704.23*
Individuals, and Men and Millions Movement	138,352.53	51,457.06	86,895.47*
Bequests	10,713.11	15,289.11	4,576.00
Annuities	68,409.26	54,725.00	13,684.26*
Interest and Rent	33,808.53	42,413.29	8,604.76
Missionary Societies and Circles	113,570.22	134,584.02	21,013.80
Children's Organizations	2,627.57	2,922.21	294.64
Mission Fields and Institutions	5,574.87	5,806.93	232.06
Subscriptions and Literature	5,505.06	7,773.07	2,268.01
Miscellaneous	27,443.21	78,199.24	50,756.03
	$614,764.88	$597,331.03	$17,433.85*

*Loss

The Bible in Latin America

(*Concluded from page* 31).

the common people. We know that the Bible was the foundation of the democratic life of North America and its teachings will everywhere bring in a real democracy. As far as Porto Rico is concerned the greatest agents for international friendship have been the American missionaries, for they have brought to the people the Bible and all that it represents. The difference between Porto Rico now and twenty years ago, when the missionaries first came to that island, is most remarkable, and a large part of this change is due to the bringing of the open Bible to the people themselves."

A prominent Mexican lawyer, speaking to a company of business men in Boston recently, said:

"The day on which you gentlemen of the United States will send into Mexico the Bible and missionaries instead of soldiers; when you will send school teachers instead of armies, and transports filled with foodstuffs instead of rifles; that day you will do a great service to humanity, to Mexico and to yourselves."

I can hear today the wail of an old man on whom I had called to sell a Bible in a little fanatical town of Northern Mexico. In hardly one house in a dozen was anyone found who could read. Two old men in a straw hut begged me to read something to them from this book I claimed to be so wonderful. As I read that marvelous third chapter of John, they listened with bated breath. Every word seemed to bring new life to their starving souls. With an awful wail one said:

"Oh, Señor, Señor, you can read; you can understand, but what is to become of us poor people who have no one to tell us what God says to us. Oh, Señor, you who are wise, tell us what will become of us."

You and I must answer that question—Where shall these benighted creatures go? What shall become of them if we do not give them the Book of Life and teach them to read it?

Eye Witness Report of China Famine

Bishop W. R. Lambuth, of the Methodist Episcopal Church (South), has just returned from the Orient after making an extended tour of the famine stricken provinces of northern China. Born of missionary parents in China, educated for missionary work, holding the degree of M. D. from both American and British colleges, he has devoted a long life to the service, has founded mission hospitals in the East, and has labored there devotedly as a medical missionary and lately as bishop in charge of the whole missionary work of his church in China. The following report was given to the Foreign Missions Conference of North America.

The four provinces in which the famine is most acute are, Shantung, Chi-li, Shansi and Honan. There is a little of Shensi included.

That area consists of about a hundred thousand square miles where some fifteen million people are facing starvation. A number of famines, of course, have occurred in the history of this section of the country. The most severe, perhaps, was in 1877 and 1878. It is said that eight million people perished at that time from hunger, diseases and cold. The area now involved is greater, and it is probable that more people will perish if relief is not promptly rendered.

My entering into the causes of the famine, time will not permit. I will simply say that they have had both drought and flood in some sections of this area—four successive droughts in one section, a plague of locusts, and in another a flood in addition. A study of the physical geography of this area will show that the rain clouds pass from the sea, the rain being precipitated in the mountains near the sources of the Yellow River. The denudation of forests which has gone on for several hundred years in North China has prevented the entanglement of the clouds and precipitation has taken place in the remote interior, and little or no rain falls here. There was some rain in September and the farmers were enabled to plant wheat. They will, however, get only forty or fifty per cent of the usual crop. The seed was furnished by the Government and largely distributed through the missionaries.

The conditions which I found in a visit to the interior of Shantung and Chi-li by mule cart, horseback and on foot, almost baffle description. I found east and west of the Grand Canal that lands were being sold for about one-third of their value, say at seven or eight dollars per mow, and that nearly all the animals had been sold. In one village eighty were in use prior to the famine; now only twenty were left and they were about to be slaughtered or sold. In another thirty animals and only three were left. Land was being sold or mortgaged. The people had pawned or sold their clothing in the face of the coming winter. They said they would rather freeze than starve and consequently their clothing was being disposed of.

As to the food itself, or what is being used for food. I found just six weeks ago, that what they had would not last more than three or four weeks—that consisted of nubbins of corn with fifteen or twenty grains to a nubbin. These grains were not well formed and were watery. An ear, which I have at home, grown just south of the Great Wall, was about ten inches long and had several hundred grains of corn, well formed and solid. In the famine area the ear is not the length of your index finger and has an average of only fifteen or twenty grains. The millet was empty, a mere husk with no head. The people were eating ground corn cobs mixed with leaves of elm, poplar and ash trees, differing in different cases, and the little berry that grows on the ash trees. Also potato tops where they could beg or steal them. These were soon disposed of. I found them eating thistles. I asked a farmer one day: "Why are you eating this stuff?" It was being prepared by his wife. He replied: "There is no help for it." Then he added: "I couldn't get my animals

when I owned any animals to eat the food I am putting into my own stomach and that which is being eaten by my family. You well know the consequences."

The consequences, of course, would be, first, reduction of efficiency as far as work is concerned, followed by dysentery and eversion of the alimentary canal on account of the scouring taking place, and ultimately death either by starvation or disease.

In this particular village I am thinking of just now, I met a woman of seventy-two. "Where is your husband?" I queried. "He has gone out to beg." "How long will he be gone?" "Two or three weeks," was the answer. "Have you sons?" "Three. They have gone to beg or work." "If they cannot get work or beg," I asked the village elder and Mr. Hineger, who was with me, "what are they going to do then?" "They will rob," was the reply. In some of the villages it is now dangerous to travel. Robbing is growing constantly, as I was informed by the missionaries of the London Missionary Society.

Fuel, of course, is scarce. Their dependence there is not upon trees but that which they grow. The stalks of the kaoliang and millet constitute their fuel. But not having had stalks for two years, they are tearing down their houses and burning them or the kaoliang stalks used for the roofs of these buildings. In a few weeks these will be used up, and then they face death from freezing as well as death from starvation.

What about the organizations that have been effected? There are at least four that are notable. One is the International Famine Relief Association in Shanghai, consisting of a mixed committee of Chinese and foreigners, foreign money going through the hands of the foreigners and Chinese money through Chinese hands. I met with the Committee after going to the famine district and they were careful to tell me, because there had been some question raised as to the distribution of the fund, these facts.

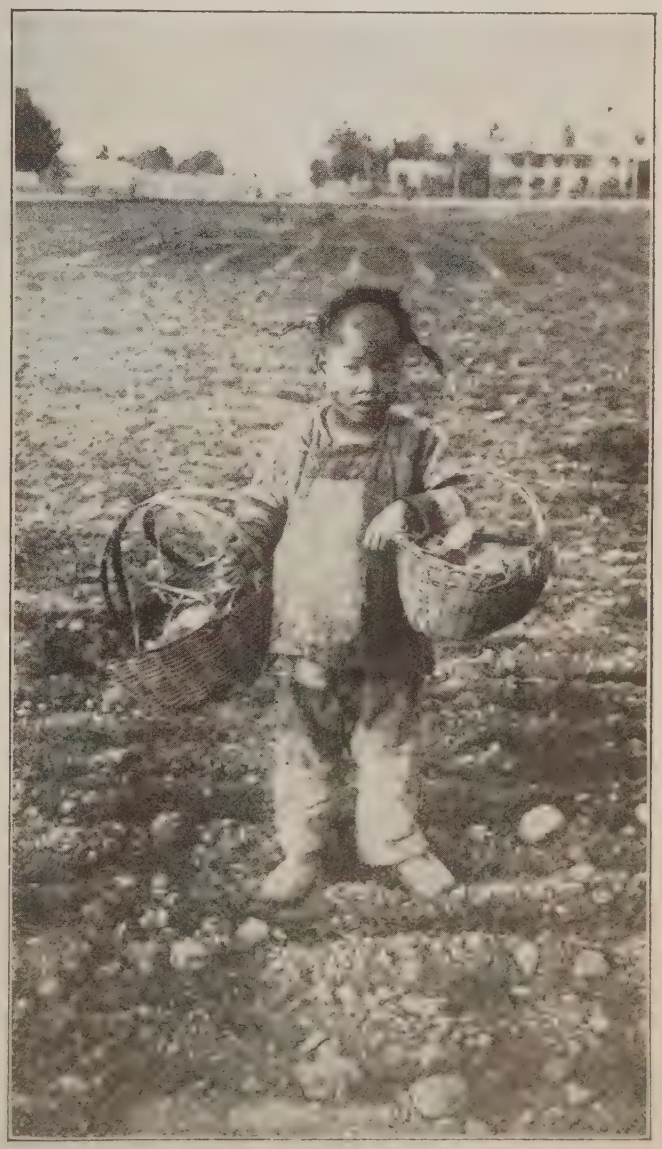
Then in Tsinan Fu there is a local organization of missionaries and Chinese. In Tientsin there is the International Famine Relief Association, of which Mr. Turner is secretary. In Peking there is another International Famine Relief Association consisting of both foreigners and Chinese, and the members of the Legations. C. R. Crane, United States Minister to Peking, is a member of that Association. Then, the Red Cross.

The Red Cross is undertaking to build a road from Tehchow on the railroad from Pukow to Tientsin. Tehchow is the station of the Congregational Board. Dr. F. F. Tucker and his wife are in charge of two hospitals. He is the local agent of the Red Cross. The road is 67 miles long which they are building to Lingtsin on the Grand Canal. They are proposing to put 100 men to every li of that road. When I was there they thought they could take care of 30,000, not only the men employed but their wives and children. A little later they increased the estimate to about a hundred thousand, but that was out of 1,500,000 people in the six counties where the Tehchow missionaries were at work.

The Red Cross is doing good work but it is limited in funds. About five hundred thousand dollars in gold has been sent out and in addition some from Manila and other points in local currency, amounting to nearly a million silver dollars.

As to the food supply. This comes largely from Manchuria. These people are not accustomed to the use of rice. They use kaoliang or millet. Both are cheaper than rice and then they give a sense of distension. Beans are being shipped to Chefu, on the coast of Shantung, and by rail kaoliang and millet from Manchuria. The military governor of the Province of Shantung made it possible for free transportation and that in a measure has been done in other sections.

As to confidence. The distribution which has been made of foreign money has been through these committees



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Chinese Child Gathering Dried Leaves for Starving Parents

Every blade of grass and every leaf has been eaten in some of these sections.

and by the missionaries. The Chinese themselves have said repeatedly and affirmed that they have absolute confidence in the integrity of the missionaries doing this work so that not a little, even of Chinese money, has gone through the hands of the missionaries who are representing these several organizations at the several points mentioned and other points in Honan and in Shansi.

The need is more money. "If we had the money, we could take care of these people. We could buy foodstuff, and we could have it transported either by cart, muleback or on the railroads."

"In the next place, we need men."

As to money, five dollars will save a life. I calculate now that five dollars in silver will save a life. That would be much less of course in gold at this time. What is to be done must be done within the next five months—yes, within the next two or three months; otherwise millions will perish. We can not wait.

Men and women are needed for these districts for distribution and to care for the sick and diseased. I made a call to my own mission and had twelve volunteer; two have gone into the famine area and others will go. The missionaries, not a few of them, have had experience in other famines, and they will make the wisest directors and will be more efficient in this sort of work if they can be spared. They ought to be spared partly on account of these people who themselves are needing their direct ministry, and on account of the missionaries in these localities who are breaking down from the very heavy burdens coming upon them. They cannot cope with the needs.

As to the urgency, for a moment I repeat. There are about 15,000,000 people who are face to face with starvation. If they are not succored, they will perish from three causes. First, starvation. I talked with three women who were sitting on the *kang*. They showed the ravages of disease in their faces and tragedy was written in their eyes. "Why do you sit here?" "We are not able to get off; we are too weak." "What are you eating?" "You see it in the pot boiling near by," was the reply. I dipped up some of the food and tried it. I couldn't have lived a week on the stuff. I said, "How long can you live on such food as this?" The food was the leaves of trees and thistles and a thick chaff mixed with them. They replied: "Four or five weeks. Not much longer than that. We are sick now." They were not able to walk and that was true of many others.

One thousand refugees died in a single night in Kalgan from cold. They had pawned or sold their clothing and refugeed up that far. A cold spell came on, and the men, women and children perished. After I visited these two areas, I went to Tientsin. I couldn't sleep on account of the groans of the men and women who were lying on the stone pavements of the city of Tientsin. They were covering themselves with anything they could get to protect themselves from the cold.

Then there are the diseases. Dr. Piell told me there had been cholera at that time because it had turned warm and the flies carried the poison. He said: "It is rather typhus fever we are anticipating. The people have sold or killed their animals, and are not able to transport the sick to our hospital. Consequently our patients have dropped off thirty per cent during the last few weeks." "I do not know what will happen," he continued. They were trying to take care of the London mission at that point, one hundred ten li west of Linching on the Grand Canal.

I asked: "How much money have you received, and how many can you take care of?"

"All told, we have room to take care of twelve thousand people," was his reply.

"What will become of the remaining eighty-two thousand of your one hundred thousand?" I asked, to which he replied: "They will perish."

"What policy have you adopted?"

"The policy we have adopted is the same as that of the Red Cross; viz, the taking of a certain number of villages and carrying them through the year. That is all we can do."

"What about the rest?"

"They will die. As there is no use to keep them alive for two months and then let them starve, we have had to select a few villages, and are endeavoring to carry those people through until the end of the season."

The urgency, therefore, is indeed very great. I can hardly help you to realize how great it is. I sat in my car and looked out of my window at a point between Techow and Tientsin, and someone threw a sandwich out of the diner onto the other track. There were two women who sprang upon the track—it was a double track road—and as they struggled for the sandwich, a guard who sat there to protect the tracks, ran to these two women and separated them and threatened to strike them, in order that they might get off the track. A dog sprang in and ate the sandwich.

I saw a dog in a village trying to eat a piece of oil cloth. He did his best to chew it up and swallow it, but he was so weak that he himself could hardly stand up.

In the villages to the east of where I saw this, I found there were no children—I mean no babies—none under one year of age. I asked: "Where are the children?"

"Gone," was the reply.

"Given them away?" I queried.

The reply came back: "We have no one to give them to. Who can feed them? We have no one to sell them to. Who would buy them?" Why, children are being bought in Shanghai at a dollar apiece. The mother continued: "Rather than see our children starve, we will throw them into the wells." The wells as a result have become so polluted in some sections, the American Consul told me at Tsinanfu, that the water could not be used.

The month of March probably will be the crucial month. There is no time to be lost because these fifteen million people, by March, if they do not have more food than they are getting now, will at that time have become so weakened by lack of food that they will perish either

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Fleeing From the Famine

Starving refugees crowd on the trains as they pass, trying to escape from famine districts. A cordon of troops has been drawn around the famine area to prevent refugees from flocking into other regions; a necessary measure in order that famine conditions may be avoided in other parts of the country hitherto immune.

from starvation, disease or cold. It is a fact that in the last famine they ate the cotton in their clothing (they wear cotton padded jackets, you know) to satisfy their hunger.

These are no exaggerated statements. I have seen the tragedy and looked it right in the eye. The missionaries there are feeling it very acutely, and urging that help be given—adequate help—at once.

I would reiterate that you may have absolute confidence in the committees at work because they have for their larger membership, missionaries in each case, whether it be Shanghai, Tientsin, or in Peking. Money sent and distributed through the committees which have been mentioned, will surely reach its objective.

(Money sent to the United Christian Missionary Society, 1501 Locust Street, St. Louis, Missouri, and designated for China Famine Relief, is sent at once to New York and thence by cable to China.)

The Easter Season and Evangelism

By JESSE M. BADER

IT seems providential that at the very beginning of the United Christian Missionary Society we should have an organized effort for our evangelism—for the first time in all our history. We have been an evangelistic people, we are now, and let us hope always will be, but too often we have gone at it with the idea of every church for itself. A new day has come for team work and closer coordination and cooperation in this, the supreme task of the church. All forces unitedly working for a revival of evangelism cannot help but stimulate the brotherhood and quicken our efforts in this, our highest work.

Our goal of 1,000,000 members added in five years means 200,000 each year. It means a 20% annual increase in membership for each church each year during the five years. It means that every mission station and church among us is to be counted on to reach the goal. It means that every missionary, preacher and evangelist,

(*Concluded on page* 42)

Wanderland-Wonderland.

Jo-Anne and Jimmy and their pilot Tim.

In Japan

(Tim sent a wireless on to his friend Suto San who met them in Tokyo.)

"You are surely in luck," said Tim's friend, Suto San,
As he bowed first to Tim, then to Jim and Jo-Anne.
"You see, March is a month to our children most dear;
The Dolls' Festival comes at this time every year."

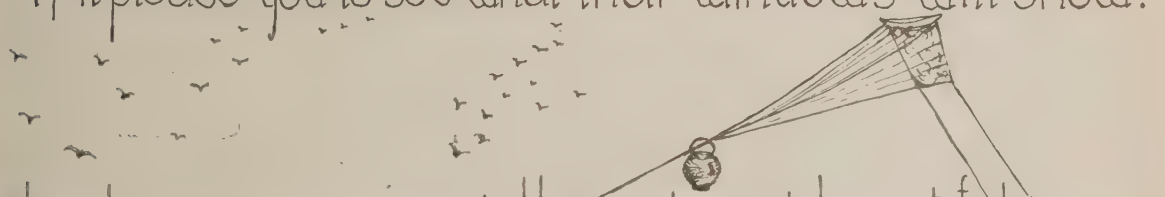
Then he bowed low again, saying, "Please come with me,
O Most Honorable friends, and our dolls you shall see."
And then into a room that was pleasant and wide,
He bowed Jo-Anne, and Jim and his friend Tim, their guide.

On some red covered steps sat the dolls. Gracious me!
Jo-Anne's eyes were as big as eyes ever could be;
For on top sat the Empress, while close by her side,
Was His Highness, the Emperor, bristling with pride.

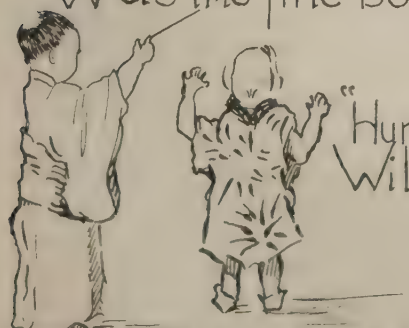
Copyrighted, 1921, by Inez King DeMoss.

Then came the musicians and court ladies grand,
Dressed in wonderful fabrics, with gay fans in hand,
While below were queer toys – Suto San said that these
Showed the things used to give ladies comfort and ease.

When they'd seen all the dolls, and their stories been told
(Why, some of those dolls were two hundred years old!)
Said their friend Suto San, "To the shops next we'll go,
If it please you to see what their windows will show."



In the shops were more dolls and most beautiful toys,
Jim was glad there were tops, kites, and swords for the boys.
But the best thing they saw as the sun set that day
Was the fine boys and girls of Japan at their play.



"Hurry on, now," said Tim "for our friend Bumblebee
Will be starting to India, strange sights there to see."

Verses by Lucy King De Moss.
Drawings by Frances G. Haglewood.

(Tim says there is a lot more about the Girls' and Boys' festivals that you ought to know. – Ask your mother.)

The Easter Season and Evangelism

(*Concluded from page* 39.)

every member of the church and all our agencies shall have a definite part to do in bringing about success.

The first Easter in the five-year program is upon us. The whole thought of this sacredly happy season of the year lends itself to soul-winning. There is no time of the year when it is as easy to hold special revival meetings and to talk to people individually about a definite decision for Christ as during the Easter season. Easter is a word of power. By a magic touch the Easter-time transforms a world asleep in the embrace of winter to one where flowers begin to bloom, trees to bud, grasses to grow and seeds to awaken. Everywhere, there is life. To the Christian, the season brings a flood of memories. We go back to the Garden of Gethsemane and through it, then along the Via Dolorosa to Calvary's hilltop and there gaze thoughtfully upon the center cross, whispering to ourselves, "It was for me." Then we go to the empty tomb and there hear the words of death's Conqueror, "I am the Resurrection and the Life, he that believeth on me though he were dead, yet shall he live and he that liveth and believeth on me shall never die."

The Easter season in each church and each person's life will depend almost altogether upon the preparation that is made. The results will be commensurate with the thought and time given to preparation. There are some things that are absolutely necessary for us to do if we have a great harvest of souls for the kingdom. Everyone is anxious that the results be great and everyone should be just as anxious to give thought and effort to the making of great results possible. A revival on any field does not come by wishing and hoping—it comes by unceasing sacrifice; it comes by sleepless nights and the absolute abandonment of ourselves to the "this one thing I do."

SPECIAL emphasis should be given to the prospect list. This can be gathered by the cooperation of the Sunday school teachers and their leaders. As soon as the list is gathered and the information on each individual tabulated for the personal worker, the names should be given out and each one asked to make a personal visit to seek to get a definite decision for Christ. The "church letter" people should receive attention. There are scores of people in every community who have been members of the church elsewhere who should be urged to place membership as soon as possible and then face about and seek to win others during the Easter season. Pastors should cooperate very closely in this. Each one may know of different ones who have been members of his church previously who have moved to other fields. A letter to them and also to the pastor would help to influence them to take membership.

Scores of ministers are finding it most profitable to have a training class made up of their boys and girls of the Junior and Intermediate ages especially, training them for church membership and definite decisions for Christ. Few parents are adverse to their children becoming Christians if they can be assured that their boys and girls are taking this step intelligently. This is the normal evangelism.

Before Christ undertook any great and serious work he first prayed, and it is entirely fitting that our whole brotherhood should observe unitedly a sunrise prayer meeting service Easter morning from 6 to 6:45. This is to be done in every mission station on every field; it is to be done in every church here at home. Where our brethren find themselves in the city or rural districts they should do their very best to observe a sunrise prayer service, thus having fellowship with all of their brethren the world around. A suggested program of prayer will be found elsewhere in this issue of WORLD CALL.

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the Gates of Death,
He enters Heaven by prayer."

The Decision Day should have most careful thought and planning. For fear that this Easter Sunday shall be a day of storm as the one we experienced last year, it would be well if the Sunday schools would plan to have another Decision Day previous to Easter or immediately afterwards. Every superintendent should make this soul-winning service the paramount and supreme thing in his program of work from now until Easter. Frequent consultations should be held with all the teachers and workers. The same should be put most heavily upon every heart. Marion Lawrance says that it takes four teachers and officers a whole year to win just one pupil to Christ.

Every sermon from now on until Easter should be intensely evangelistic. The fire must begin to burn in the pulpit before there will be any fires kindled in the pew. Before there is a burden for souls in the life of our membership there must be a burden that is weighing tremendously heavy on the heart of the man in the pulpit. Before every Christian will become an evangelist the preacher himself must be evangelistic. This work is contagious and no one can dream of the spritual heights to which a pastor may lead his people if he will but give the proper emphasis to this highest work of the Kingdom.

There is a tremendous inspiration in knowing that not only our whole brotherhood is working at this task. The Baptists have a five-year program to add 1,000,000. The Evangelical Association, numbering 150,000, are planning for 100,000 in the next five years. The Methodist Episcopal church, South, added 273,000 last year and they are using the same plans again this year for a great ingathering. The Presbyterians are seeking to have a 15% increase by confession of faith; the Congregationalists, in fact almost every religious body, have now a definitely organized evangelistic program. The Sunday school leaders of North America, meeting in Chicago last month, have outlined one of the most far-reaching evangelistic programs for Easter 1922 that the Sunday school world has ever known. A new day is dawning! Who knows when a far-reaching revival of evangelism may break forth? "Keep the evangelistic fires burning" that one million may be reached in five years.

A. McLean and Our Missionary Growth

By JOHN H. BOOTH

CHRISTIANITY climbs to higher planes by slow and laborious processes. Customs and prejudice hold the cause of Christ in their vice-like grip, and for generations the church moves on in sluggish currents of least resistance. Innovation is scorned and the man of original ideas, even though he voices divine truth, is sometimes held in contempt. Often the moral sense in the church lies dormant and wrong lives on for ages. Then providentially it would seem, for "God moves in mysterious ways his wonders to perform", into this stagnant and static condition of things new life comes. A man appears, usually a young man. Upon his face shines the light of divine truth, for in him an idea has become incarnated. Moved by its power, he lives his vision of truth and becomes not only a great leader but a living, moving force in the upward progress of the Kingdom of God throughout the earth.

Such a man was A. McLean. Like another man of destiny, he could say truthfully, "Veni, vidi, vici." However, the beautiful humility of Brother McLean would never have permitted him even to think such a thing, much less to say it. But the truth remains. "He came." He was truly "A man sent from God." "He saw." He was a seer—the greatest prophet among us. "He conquered." His was a conquering and a victorious life. It is wonderful what God can do with a people through the power and influence of one man's life! The body of A. McLean lies in a tomb, in Cincinnati, but his spirit lives, not alone with God, but in the lives of all Disciples of Christ, who believe in world-wide evangelization. And the end is not yet. As long as the Disciples of Christ are a people in this world, the name of A. McLean will be known and the influence of his life be felt.

WHEN Mr. McLean began his work with the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, we had not one mission station abroad. Today we have forty-two mission stations and 421 out-stations located in Africa, China, India, Japan, Tibet, the Philippines, Mexico, Jamaica, Porto Rico, the Argentine Republic and Paraguay. Then we supported not a single missionary, today, after forty years of his great leadership, we support 276 missionaries from the home-land, and 1,268 native preachers, teachers and helpers, located in practically all the lands of earth where the gospel of our Lord is preached.

The first year of his service with the Foreign Society, our people gave about twenty thousand dollars for foreign missions, last year we gave nearly one and one-quarter millions for this cause. When he began we owned not a dollar's worth of property in pagan lands. Today we own property in these lands valued at over a million and a half. Then the Disciples of Christ operated not a school or college beyond the seas, this year the United Society conducts 400 schools, with an enrollment of 20,000 children and eight colleges in which several hundreds native Christians are being trained as preachers, teachers, doctors and for other types of Christian service.

During the life time of our great leader, the ministries of mercy have taken root in the hearts of our people and blossomed into the fruit of applied Christianity, in the establishment of hospitals and orphanages in centers of heathenism. When A. McLean began to "Speak where the Book speaks" among us we were not allaying the pains of a single sufferer in foreign lands, but during this year, three hundred thousand heathen, sad of soul, ignorant and superstitious of mind and painracked in body, will enter our hospitals to receive treatment at the hands of our medical missionaries. These people will leave our hospitals not alone healed in body; but many will be healed in mind and soul as well. For unto all who enter these institutions the gospel is preached and the saving power of the great Physician is made known. When he began, we as a people had not an orphanage anywhere in all the world and, in an organized way, we were not stopping the cry of one orphan child. During his ministry, the gospel of the "In-as-much" has so reached the hearts of our people that today we operate six splendid orphanages in the home-land and seven on the foreign field, in which hundreds of fatherless and motherless children are given home and comfort and Christian training.

HE found us a non-missionary people; in some quarters, anti-missionary; he left us with a great missionary zeal and ranking high among Protestant bodies in the amount contributed annually to world missions. He found us located and working within narrow boundaries and provincial in spirit; he left us a world power feeling our world citizenship and responsibility and at work in all the great mission fields, with our boundary lines extended "unto the uttermost parts of the earth." He found us uninformed as to missions with practically no books and no writers on the subject. Though we were boastful of our scripturalness as a people, claiming "to speak where the Book speaks," yet we did not know where the Bible spoke on the subject of world missions. He left us with a fair-sized library on missions and editing the greatest missionary magazine (so we think) that is published, WORLD CALL, which represents and voices the appeal of all our missionary, benevolent and educational interests. He found us divided in sentiment and support between the home and foreign fields, even in what little missionary work we were doing; he left us one in spirit and in support of all missionary and benevolent work as carried on now by the United Christian Missionary Society, of which he was Vice-President.

The first Sunday of March, a day long observed among us in the interest of Foreign missions, should be observed this year as A. McLean Day in all of our churches.

Primitive Agriculture in China
Naturally it yields scarcely a living in good years—starvation in bad years!

"Feed My Sheep"

By DR. PAUL HUSTON STEVENSON

DEATH is once more stalking with prodigious strides through the vast reaches of northern China. Famine is again abroad in the land. Cholera and plague, drawn to the scene like vultures to the scene of death, have also raised their heads in the land of the dying and are easily fattening their scores among the half starved people.

Almost daily, here in Peking, we see refugees who have come many miles in the scant hope of being able to live through the winter on the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table. The hollow, glassy eyes; the sunken, wasted cheeks; the dry, parched skin drawn tightly over the bony skeleton beneath—these tell their own sad story of days and weeks of aching emptiness.

But these living ghosts that walk our streets are after all the more fortunate ones. They are the few who, after living for weeks on hot water strengthened with leaves, twigs, bark and chaff, and who, after selling in turn their land, animals, homes, clothes and their children, have still had enough money and strength to enable them to finish the long journey through a land of famine to this city of luxury. Of their companions who gave up on the way, of the number who lay down to die by the roadside, of the very old as well as the very young, back in the villages from whence they dared not even consider starting out on the road, we read daily in the paper and hear often from the lips of those who have recently returned from relief expeditions and tours of investigation into the stricken area.

From these we learn that the famine of this year, visiting a region where famines are not infrequent, is nevertheless by far the worst that has ever visited this portion of China. They tell of villages where there is hardly a home but what has seen at least one of its members die the slow death of starvation. In many instances all of a household are gone. Long before the situation became so acute, most of the able bodied men had left their barren fields and emigrated elsewhere in the hope of finding not only work and food for themselves but also enough money to send home to allow their families to live through the winter. It was their only hope—but alas, too often they hoped in vain.

Over the already darkening picture hangs the even darker cloud of the approaching winter. Winter at best brings great suffering to northern China. Their houses not being built for fires, and fuel being too scarce for anything but cooking their food, the people depend entirely upon their thick, padded garments to keep themselves warm. But in this wide region where hunger's voice has been insistently pleading for so many weeks, the voice of the approaching winter has sounded very faint and far away, and the thick winter garments have usually been among the first things to fin themselves in the greedy hands of the mone lender.

Of one little village, a correspondei writes: "Here also the sale of clothes ha been the principal means of support. A most daily some man goes into Techo about 100 li away as selling agent for fou or five families including his own. Wit the proceeds he buys Kaoliang chaff ar brings back a few more day's rations. From the writings of a very famous Amer can correspondent who is traveling throug the famine area on a tour of inspection w read, "When I came into the usual i smelling inn I saw a long line of big Sha tung wheelbarrows heavily laden and we packed. I asked what they were. I w told that they were winter clothes boug that morning from poor farmers by ri traders from Ichowfu, about 75 li awa These traders are making hay while there drought. They are buying padded cloth at the lowest possible figures and takir them back to more prosperous centers dispose of at good prices. A whole wint outfit is bought for 40 or 50 or 60 coppe from some man who has the alternative selling or starving. He sells and so merchant far away will balance a handson account at New Year."

After the winter clothes, go the furnis ings of a small house and the meager i plements of the field. Soon the

nd a little later the field itself, represent-
g perhaps the accumulated savings of
everal generations of the family, all go for
few dollars, a tithe of their true worth.
n the nearby large city, as is soon rumored
bout, there are children fairs, and to these
sually sooner or later the children are
aken to be sold. In such times as these,
hildren appear in the family account only
s an added liability, so many extra
ouths to be fed. It takes considerable
apital to carry them along until they
ecome old enough to become an asset.
n the fairs in the larger cities, boys
sually go for about two dollars, while
irls, if they are a little older and pretty,
ring a higher price for use in the brothels
f the larger port cities.

But back of all the immediate suffering
f the famine stricken people, and beneath
he superficial causes of repeated flood,
amine and plague, there lies a darker
nd even sadder factor in the life of China
oday. It consists in a lack of apparently
ven the rudiments of that love for others
hat forms such an important part in a
hristian civilization. Side by side with
he most abject poverty, exists fabulous
ealth. In the personal pockets of the
orrupt officials as well as in the hands
f private individuals, there is not only
nough wealth to clothe every starving
an, woman and child in this whole
amine area without feeling it, but enough
o undertake adequate protective measure;
o solve the problems of recurrent floods
nd the repeated failure of the crops.
ut conceptions of altruism or unselfish,
atriotic service are as foreign to the
ch man of China as if such things be-
onged wholly to an unknown planet.
Give, and it shall be given unto you''
s an untried and undesirable experiment:
Inasmuch as you have done it unto one
f the least of these, my brethren'' was
ever uttered by a god of wood or stone:
hile ''Love thy neighbor as thyself'' is
nheard of foolishness.

No more striking evidence of the lack
f concern for the fate of their country-
en is to be found than in the present behavior of the great Tsao K'un, governor of the province of Chihli, one of the recently victorious triumvirate, with added wealth, power and prestige through having just overthrown the former governing power of North China. With the opportunity now given to prove the sincerity of his recent pose as the savior of his country and the redeemer of the people, how does this powerful ruler go in and out among his starving subjects?

From reliable reports we learn that this powerful and wealthy official sees in the present situation no other opportunity than that of adding to his already fabulous personal fortune. Investigation has shown that the large herds of horses, cows, donkeys and other domestic animals gathered together at several places along the railroad and fed by mysterious shipments of grain from the north—even though the people starve and are told that there is no grain—are the personal property of the governor himself. Bought for a mere pittance from the stricken people who had no other alternative than to sell for what they could get or starve a few days sooner, these animals will be kept through the winter and later offered for sale at several times their normal value to those who will be fortunate, or unfortunate, enough to return to their barren fields. To secure the necessary farm livestock at that time will virtually mean mortgaging their crops for several years to come, and pouring an exorbitant proportion of their grain each year first of all into the governor's own storehouses. Hard is the lot of him in China who has fallen into the hands of the money lender. The slavery of iron chains is in many cases much to be preferred.

* * *

To alleviate the situation in China today, the nation faces two great needs: one conscious, the other unconscious.

China is fast becoming conscious of her need for men—real men. Her students of today, who are her citizens of tomorrow, are acquiring vastly different ideas of the principles of government in general, and the utter lack of principle in their own government in particular. They are beginning to see very clearly the pitiful plight of their country, its intrinsic needs and the basis of its future hope. This is an hour of an awakening consciousness of a great need for men—honest men, patriotic men, fearless men, faithful men; men who will aspire to and attain the high positions of leaders not for their own sakes but for their country's salvation.

But the deeper, more important, and as yet unconscious need of China is her need for Christ. More than ever before, in these days of death, China is unconsciously calling for all of those things that come only through the teachings and life of the Christ. Light and life go hand in hand; darkness and death are inseparable—darkness of mind and heart, death of body and physical life. Hunger, cold, starvation, disease, are all the children of darkness; and they answer to but one call, the call of death. And the grip of hunger, disease and death will release its hold on the children of men only as fast as and to the extent that Christ's gospel enters into and rules the lives of men. The call of death today in China—is the call of China for Christ!

Peking, China.

Children of China in Wadded Winter Garments
First the clothing and then the children are being sold to buy food for a few more days.

Renewed Vigor in a Historic Church

THE church was first organized in 1853 with a very small membership. For several years the former church constituency held their services in the schoolhouse when it was available, and during the warm months of the year they met together to worship God in the groves surrounding the little town. There were eighteen charter members, some of whom are still living and rejoice to know that God has answered their prayer for an adequate house for the work of the Kingdom. All of these have left behind them a monument which testifies to their spiritual labors far more than many blocks of marble that might be erected in their honor.

Ministers Ward and Taulbee preached the Word with power and influence whenever a place could be secured. In 1876, the congregation was reorganized with twenty-one members. In 1878 a chapel was built and L. M. Lime served the church half-time. In 1893, W. H. Boles held a meeting of six weeks duration when a large number of souls were added to the Kingdom. J. H. Garrison and Finis Idleman each served the church during the time of struggle in which the infant church sought an opportunity to thrive and grow. The resident pastor is Thomas W. Bass who came to the field in December 1920, succeeding W. W. Vose who retired to other business. W. Milton Berry has led the Bible school faithfully and efficiently as superintendent ever since its inauguration in 1893. The present church membership is 128 with a Bible school of 64.

In 1919 it was decided that a new building was necessary. Forthwith a committee of four was elected to assume the responsibility of a building committee. These were W. Milton Berry, C. A. Grant-

The New Church Building, Irving, Illinois

ham, Frank Turnbull and W. A. Vandever. The latter has since gone home to receive the crown that awaits the faithful servant of God. In June, 1919, the ground was broken for the new edifice and just one year following that date the completed structure was dedicated by H. H. Peters of Bloomington, Illinois.

The main auditorium, with seating capacity of three hundred and fifty, was furnished with an inclined floor and opera chairs and the balcony, with seating capacity of 100, was also furnished with same design of furniture. The present building is adequately equipped with four individual Sunday school rooms, two dressing rooms, pastor's study, elevated choir loft and metallic baptistry equipped with heater attachment. In all, the church consists of twelve rooms, including a large and spacious dining room, kitchen, cloak room and furnace room in the basement.

The present undertaking was a great sacrifice for this little band of workers, but the same spirit of sacrifice that built it will fill its pews with eager listeners to the gospel story. The cost of the new edifice was $25,000; of this amount $17,000 is paid leaving a balance of $8,000. Again the Church Extension Board came to the rescue and provided the balance of the money that all claims may be settled. George W. Muckley and his co-laborers are to be congratulated for the manner in which they made it possible for this debt to be paid. In addition to the beautiful church building a property adjacent to the church grounds was purchased and remodeled to serve as the home of the pastor.

"I Thought You Might Be Interested"

A Recent Letter from Dr. Mary T. McGavran to Mr. McLean, Ending with the Above Words

THERE is a colony of heron on an island in the river sixteen miles from Damoh. The Rices had a wedding anniversary the other day, the sixth, and wanted to celebrate so they asked me to go out with them to see the birds. They took all of the twenty-five Boy Scouts in the Boarding School also.

These birds are the great white egrets. Many years ago a Mohammedan began to care for them and sell the plumes. The colony has increased until now three large trees are full of the young birds; but I must begin at the beginning. I had set my alarm for four o'clock in the morning but, as a matter of fact, had been awake most of the night, at least I had been awake three times! I went up to the Rices' for my "little breakfast" and to help them get ready. The boys had gone on at three o'clock. Of course, they had to walk.

It was wonderful riding along through the jungle in the early morning. We were in a tonga and Mr. Rice on a bicycle. He had his gun with him and got off at the tenth mile to shoot a deer, but missed.

At the fourteenth mile we came up with the boys. They had already begun to cook the breakfast. There is a bridge across the river there and a very pretty place to camp. The boys were making native bread and vegetable curry and we were to eat with them.

After eating we rested an hour and then started on the three-mile walk to the little island where the nests are. We went through the jungle, winding in and out just on the edge of a line of hills where the jungle is very dense. Mr. Rice and all of us saw a herd of small deer (chinkara) in a rice field and he went to try for one. The rest of us went on to a big tree and sat down to wait. In just a little time he returned with his face beaming! A young panther had been stalking the deer, too, and he saw it at twenty-five yards! Then we wished that we had waited. It seemed rather creepy after that and we were glad when we came out into the more open land by the village. We called the man who owned the birds and went to see them. The island is just a tiny one, two hundred feet long by thirty wide, and has on it two or three trees. These trees are simply covered white with the young egrets, some as big as your fist, just hatched, and some bigger than their mothers. We looked at once for the plumes and were disappointed till the man told us that the old ones were away fishing and that all but one or two were this year's birds. Then he found one on a branch near us, a mother bird which had a very young trio, so she had staid while the male bird hunted.

She was veiled in fine long plumes, like a veil of mist. She stood up very straight while the three little ones fussed about and looked as though they would fall out of the nest into the water any minute. The man said he picked them up when they did fall in and put them back into the nest. After awhile the male bird came back empty handed, so she went away. It was interesting seeing them come in, up the river straight to their own nest. I suppose on the average one came in every two minutes. The little ones were watching the way their mothers went. They were so snowy white and most of them such big birds, but none of the young were flying and, of course

Ready for a Ride in the Bullock Tonga, Damoh, India

none of them had plumes. A tree or two on the mainland take the overflow of nests. The Commissionary General of land records, Mr. Trench, was here a few weeks ago. He told us about the birds and said he was trying to get the Government to make the selling of egret feathers legal. If he succeeded, the man would have a legal standing and could sell his feathers for many times what he gets now; as it is, he has to take what he can on the sly and the men who come to buy set their own price.

The birds come along about June and stay six months, come just for the nesting. We spent an hour watching them and then hurried back, or tried to hurry for it was blazing hot just then, to the camping place. By the time Mrs. Rice and I got there the boys were on the way home. Mr. Rice built a fire and we had our tea. As we finished packing up the dark came down like a cloud and we were fourteen miles from home through the jungle. The road is good so we had only night beasts to fear and of course they would not touch us.

A week before I had almost stepped on to a panther in the road, so we felt we would rather Mr. Rice keep with us. As a matter of fact a man a hundred feet ahead of me had frightened the animal and I had only seen his tracks in the dust and the dusty place in which he had been rolling! Nevertheless it is spooky along that way so Mr. Rice kept with us. The jungle has the sweetest smell at night at this time of the year. There are so many things in bloom—and the fire flies are beautiful, whole trees a mass of them!

It was ten thirty when we got to the Rices' home. Mr. Rice unloaded his bicycle and I came home on it. We had the twenty-eight miles in the tonga and the six mile walk; the boys had a thirty-four mile tramp and their dinner to cook and even went swimming. Five or six of them were not well and rode on the cart, but all the rest walked every step and they are not used to long walks either.

The brother of Miss Franklin's horseman has just developed plague on our compound. They are moving off to another hut, or rather moving their hut over to the open space across the road from us. He has been inoculated so we hope he will have a light attack. Rats have died in both the stable and the houses where our helpers live so they have been in huts for a couple of weeks. We are still in the bungalow because it is a couple of hundred yards from the houses where rats died and none have died in the bungalow. We have a tent up so we can move out when the first one falls. Eight people died a quarter of a mile down the road yesterday. If they would only be inoculated. Instead they say we bring the plague!

The hospital is surrounded by vacated houses, but we have a good cat and have had no dead rats, so we keep right on with the daily dispensary. By the way, half our feeling of safety here is due to a beautiful yellow cat who is only six months old, but is hard on rats! I call him "Sonahla Pad," which is Hindi for Golden Text. He is yellow and white and has the most wonderful golden eyes.

I thought you might be interested.

Damoh, India.

What the Churches Are Doing About It

EARLY in January, four stewardship tracts were sent to every preacher in the brotherhood, accompanied by a letter and order card indicating that our cooperation with Thomas Kane made it possible for the Stewardship Committee of the United Society to furnish these four tracts for distribution among the churches free of charge. Mr. Kane is paying half the cost of the printing of these tracts and the Stewardship Committee is paying the other half. The only stipulation Mr. Kane makes is that the churches order only two tracts at a time. When these have been distributed, then two others may be ordered for free distribution.

I. J. Spencer, Central Christian Church, Lexington, Kentucky, telegraphs as follows: "Send immediately to me 625 each of How to Tithe and Why and Proportionate Giving. Also 1,000 Tithe Pledges."

R. H. Newton of the First Christian Church, Quincy, Illinois, sent out his first tithing leaflets to all the families of the church the week of January 18. He plans to send out each week a different pamphlet on stewardship until Easter. In this way, the whole church will come to understand, through literature, scriptural teachings on stewardship.

W. A. Fite of the Ivanhoe Park Christian Church, Kansas City, plans to use four lessons on stewardship in his adult classes, or in a Tithers' Study Class. These four lessons are contained in a new pamphlet published by the Stewardship Committee, which is just off the press. It is entitled "What every Christian Should Know about Stewardship and Tithing." Mr. Fite writes that on Sunday evening he plans to have two good women speakers recite "Thanksgiving Ann" and "The Jarring of Jacob Shapleigh." Mr. Fite has written a play entitled "The Book of Ruth," in which the matter of stewardship receives attention. This little biblical drama is just the right length for an evening's program.

The finance committee of Union Ave., St. Louis, has ordered 735 each of two tracts. They are to be sent with a letter signed in ink by the chairman of the committee urging the people to read and prayerfully consider the matter of tithing.

Up to February 7, the date of going to press, orders have been received from 263 churches for the literature. Some of these have already distributed the first two tracts and have sent an order for the other two.

A business man in one of the larger cities, after reading some stewardship literature and hearing an address on stewardship made it a matter of prayer. Later he reported that he had decided to become a tither, and had opened a separate bank account for his tithe.

The goal for the Churches of Christ for the first year is 25 per cent of the membership as tithers.

The preachers of the entire brotherhood are urged to take an interest in this matter, which is fundamental, and preach upon it at least one or more sermons. The neglect of the past along this line should be an urgent call to every preacher to educate the church of the present upon the subject of stewardship.

Some of the evangelists are doing splendid work in enrolling tithing stewards. At some service during the revival meetings, they preach a sermon on tithing and call for definite decision from the new converts as well as the older members of the church to give one tenth of their income to the work of the Kingdom.

A new pamphlet issued by the United Society is just off the press, entitled "What Every Christian Should Know about Stewardship and Tithing." It is divided into four sections as follows: Stewardship and the Tithe; Stewardship and Business; Stewardship and the Churches' Financial Plan; How to Tithe. This pamphlet is arranged so that it can be used for discussion groups or for study in the adult classes of the Sunday school. It might well be made the basis for one or two prayer meetings, where the subject of stewardship would receive special attention. This new pamphlet may be obtained at 25 cents a dozen, or $2 a hundred. Send cash with order.

Churches that observed Enrollment Day for Tithing Stewards are asked to send a list of tithers to the office of the United Society. It is planned to keep a list on record so that we may know how many tions, district conventions and county conbrotherhood.

Arthur A. Everts of Dallas, the famous tithing advocate, is kept busy nearly every Sunday speaking at some church upon stewardship. He recently visited Houston and enrolled over 150 tithers in a single day.

The program committee of the Texas State Convention is calling it a Stewardship Convention, and ample time is given for addresses and full discussion on the subject of stewardship.

All program committees of state conventions, district conventions and county conventions for 1921 are being urged to give a place for one or more addresses on the subject of stewardship. No more important subject can possibly come before any convention than this long delayed matter.

Earl L. Karsteadt of Shenandoah, Iowa, will preach a series of four sermons during the month of February on the subject "Money and the Proper Use of It." His apology for preaching four sermons along this line is given in his first letter to the church as follows:

"Well, the truth of the matter is, that in three years ministry I have preached just one sermon on "The New Testament Church and Giving." I feel, therefore, that we have neglected, rather than over-emphasized the important subject of possessions and their proper use, about which Jesus had so much to say."

For further information, literature and suggestions address—

STEWARDSHIP COMMITTEE,
UNITED CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
1501 Locust Street,
St. Louis, Missouri.

A Group from the Southeastern Christian Home, Atlanta, Georgia

Campaigning for the Children

By BELT WHITE

DURING a recent visit in the Child Saving Institute, Omaha, Nebraska, we went into a ward where there was a little two-year-old girl, alone. She was the daughter of Greek parents, had been in the Home but a few days, and was kept apart from the other children until they knew she was well in body and could not transmit disease to our other babies.

Unlike all the other babies we saw, she was afraid of us. When we opened the door she shrank from us, whimpered and cried and would not let us touch her. The mother had brought her to the Home to be cared for because she had been compelled to leave her husband who was cruel to them, and she was not able to work and care for the baby at the same time. Neglected, frail in her little body, emaciated and underfed, she was pitiful to see.

But if one could see her now, she would seem like all the others in the Home, pretty and healthy and not afraid of any one who comes into the room. It is difficult for one who wants a baby to go into a ward and make a selection, for they are all so jolly, sweet and lovable that a good woman wants them all. I think Mrs. McGraw just moved into the Home because she felt she had to have them all, and one feels sure that for days after a child is taken away she misses it. Only for the consolation of knowing that it has found a good home and another will soon take its crib, would she have parted with it.

Not many months ago a little babe, deformed and blind in one eye, was left at the Home. The attendants supposed none would ever care for it enough to take it for their own. But one day a good woman walked through the ward, stopped at the bed of this baby and wept. She said to Mrs. McGraw, "My heart goes out to this little child." Mrs. McGraw answered her, "Do you think you have a Christian heart big enough to take it, care for it and love it as your own?" The woman said she thought she would like to take it and was given the privilege of keeping it for a month or six weeks until a definite decision was made. The day we were there Mrs. McGraw had received a letter from her about "the dear baby," and how both she and her husband loved it, and "to hasten and send the papers for adoption." Sometimes we become discouraged and pessimistic, but this old world will yet be saved by Him whose spirit has been transmitted into the hearts of His own.

In the Colorado Christian Home in Denver, there is room for thirty-five children. We hope soon to enlarge this to one hundred. But it is sad to think that we must turn away about three hundred sixty a year, the majority of whom go into Catholic orphanages where they are reared as Catholic citizens.

The children we take there are well provided for by our people and well cared for and trained by Miss Smith, the matron, and the good men and women who have the oversight of them. At the invitation of Miss Smith we ate supper with the children one evening and our hearts were made glad as we looked into their happy faces, and saw evidences of Christian growth and culture in their little souls.

The people generally responded joyfully and generously to the call for enlargement, and nowhere have we met more sincere, earnest, liberal-hearted men and women than in Colorado and Wyoming. Many loaned their cars and gave their time to aid the work, visiting many times late at night to get money and pledges. Many personal kindnesses were shown the field men by those who took us to view the magnificent mountain scenery, the manufacturing plants and other industries of the western country.

The Home will prosper for the people have shown the disposition to stand by it. All of Denver will help support it when we have the larger building. Waiting may be ours for a while, but not for long. For such a people cannot continue to hear the cry of so many motherless, homeless, hungry children and turn a deaf ear. We thank God for our fellowship with them in such a work.

Roanoke, Alabama.

Missionary Rallies

During the month of February, teams composed of missionaries, national and state secretaries, and educational representatives, visited among many of our churches, holding an all day Missionary rally. The following are the first reports that have come to Headquarters

OUR missionary rally was held here at the First Church last Monday and we were delighted with it. Our one regret was that the outside churches did not get in with delegations. This team will do splendid work. All are well informed and their messages are certain to produce missionary enthusiasm and devotion to the Kingdom. Thank you for sending them. GEORGE B. MARSH.

Ottumwa, Iowa, February the third.

Several members of the Christian Church at Oswego went to the missionary conference at Cherryvale, Kansas, Tuesday, February

first. We had known the team by our reading of their work in the past but the message your representatives give is worthy of a big hearing. Miss Hemry, Mr. Erskine and Mr. Yocum have a wonderful message and present it, I would say, perfectly—for I do not see how it could be made better, only by progress along the line that they present.

L. PEARL BARBE.

Oswego, Kansas, February the third.

A wonderful rally yesterday at Joplin. Six hundred present, I should say. God was with us in power all day. I spoke to great audiences at Carthage and Joplin on Sunday.

W. F. TURNER, SECRETARY U.C.M.S.

Neosho, Missouri, February first.

We had a wonderful rally yesterday. About thirty were in attendance in the morning session, over ninety in the afternoon and the auditorium well filled in the evening. The team was at its best and went away feeling they had a great day.

We feel in Toledo that it was one of the best missionary rallies that has been held in our city for a good many years and, on behalf of the churches of Toledo, I want to express our appreciation of the work that the team did for us in presenting the cause of the United Christian Missionary Society.

U. R. BELL.

Toledo, Ohio, February first.

We all had fine services yesterday at Fort Scott, Kansas. I had two packed houses. We had a fine rally today at Girard. A packed church tonight. Delegations from six outside churches, Pittsburg included.

C. M. YOCUM, SECRETARY U.C.M.S.

Pittsburg, Kansas, January twenty-third.

I consider that the coming of the team is the best thing that has come to our town or church for a great many years and that the cause of missions and genuine Christian life has been advanced farther than anyone can realize. Of course, we who have attended the national conventions knew what to expect, but it is fine to see conservative members of the church realizing that missions have a place in their lives. I have been working for three years for the results that the team so easily put over in a day yesterday.

There was not a dull minute from the prayer meeting in the morning to the time when I told Dr. Dye that it was time we were home and resting.

I just thought I would drop you a line of appreciation and I believe that you can look forward confidently now to a great increase in missionary offerings.

I hope that you will continue these inspirational and educational meetings every year.

J. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Neosho, Missouri, February second.

Perilous Days in Batang

By RODERICK A. MacLEOD

THE present problems of the church in the Christian countries are many and great. The Christian literature of our time is largely an effort to state clearly what these problems are, and how to solve them. We read of the conditions which the war has brought about—social upheavals, lack of interest in religion and financial difficulties. While folks are interested in these affairs, it may be opportune to tell of their existence in a small way on the mission field, particularly in Batang, on the Tibetan border.

In Batang we have a continual warfare. We are in the midst of a warlike people. M. Huc, who passed through eastern Tibet in 1846, observed as follows: "The Chinese government keeps at Djaya (Draya) a small garrison. * * * These military gentlemen wore anything but a satisfied aspect. They seemed to be very indifferently pleased in this country, a prey to all the horrors of civil war. The warlike attitude of the mountaineers left them no rest, day or night. * * * At all times, Chinese domination had met with invincible resistance from the fierce tribes around it. The Chinese itinerary which was written in the reign of the emperor Kien-Long expresses itself thus concerning these countries: 'The Tibetans, who inhabited the district of Djaya, are of a haughty and fierce character; all attempts to subdue them have been fruitless; they are considered very ferocious; it is their natural character.' What the Chinese writer calls 'fierce character' is nothing more in reality than ardent patriotism, and a very just hatred for a foreign yoke."

Whatever it is, the Chinese have never been able to make peaceful subjects of the rugged highlanders of eastern Tibet. Rebellion seems to be continually smoldering in every Tibetan breast, and occasionally certain conditions fan it into a flame. It was fanned into a flame last June. The Batang Tibetans rose to a man against the Chinese garrison stationed here, but were unsuccessful. The Chinese routed them in all directions. Still they do not consider themselves as defeated. They have never learned to know when they are defeated. Less than two decades ago, the Chinese led a formidable army into Batang and slaughtered many Tibetans. In one small town they lined up forty Tibetans and, in cold blood, shot them one after the other. At the first opportunity, however, the survivors were up and at the Chinese again and, from every indication, will continue fighting them. So it is that we have a guerilla warfare going on here continually.

About a month ago, a band of Tibetans ambushed a company of Chinese soldiers while they were on the road thirty miles east of Batang, and killed about half of them. A complete massacre was prevented by an interpreter who begged that the slaughter be stopped. After a liberal donation of modern rifles to the robber chief, he said: "We'll go and drink some tea; and you folks can do as you please." Now, while to be seen running is not very pleasant to a Chinaman, "all that was left of them" got out of that place, and got out quickly. Thirty out of the seventy were killed outright and several wounded. The next day the bandit chief sent the following message to the Chinese in Batang: "If you are good and mad, come out and we will kill some more of you."

So we have war and, worse still, we have the results of war. The death of those killed in war—people of great and noble spirits—is to be lamented; but the saddest side of war is the change which it makes in those who are left alive to continue the life of the world. We could forget what has happened in the past if the present human life of the world could be kept in a good, healthy, moral condition. The recent fighting in Batang has let loose the wildest and fiercest passions. Cruelty, hatred and revenge have broken all restraints. The gentler human feelings of justice and mercy have been swept aside. Men parade the streets carrying human heads by the hair and, amid laughter and frolic, hang them up in the market place. Homes are looted and everything precious carried off without compassion. Suspicion, excitement and fear are justified by the treachery of the victors. Bands of robbers, drawn from

Bringing in a Log for the New School Building, Batang, Tibet

Building the Wall of the School Building, Batang.

near and far, lurk at the outskirts of the town and await their victims.

Such conditions have a disastrous effect on religion. Perhaps the Tibetans are the most religious people in the world and their religious doctrines are the direct opposite of pillage and murder; yet this continual fighting has had a marked effect on the religious life of the people of eastern Tibet. Recently, one tribe who lives near Batang, broke its idols and burnt its books and went abroad as devils, as avowed disciples of the devil himself; that is, they deliberately went through the ceremonies which, according to Lamaism, assure them of the protection and fellowship of the devil, both here and hereafter. If the firm hold of Lamaism is thus shaken, it may easily be imagined what difficulties we have been having with our Christians, many of whom are only learning to walk.

We have our financial problems too. When Chinese soldiers get on the warpath, money disappears. We are trying to get money from Tachienlu into Batang; and on account of the "gentlemen of fortune," already referred to, we have to bring the money via Jegundo, Chambdo and Gartok, a journey requiring two months. Besides, some one of us will have to run the gauntlet and bring the money in from Gartok to Batang.

The missionary has to live and move in the midst of all such violence. Whether he develops extra powers of forbearance or is dragged down towards the level of the conditions that surround him, let those who "judge" say. He has no time to "judge." He plods along, healing the sick, enlightening the ignorant and preaching the gospel of salvation from sin. He works and prays and waits. In all things, he tries to magnify his Lord. He loves his Lord and anything he contributes to his Lord's cause, it matter not under what circumstances the contribution may be made, is never a sacrifice. It never hurts him to do any task for his Lord; so that there is in the missionary's life a hopefulness and a joy which give him full assurance of victory at all times.

These All Died in the Faith

Mrs. Jennie Burson Davies, Mineral Ridge, Ohio. President of Woman's Missionary Society.

Mrs. Fannie Carter, January 6, 1921, Burnside, Kentucky. A charter member and vice-president of the Woman's Missionary Society.

Mrs. Rebecca Honck, January 9, 1921, Cowan, Indiana, age 74 years.

Mrs. Charley Schellin, January 2, 1921, Scottsville, Kansas. A faithful member of the Fairview Church and the Woman's Missionary Society.

Miss Maggie Oliver, December 25, 1920 Pembroke, Kentucky.

Mrs. Fred C. Clemon, November 27, 1920, Plymouth, Pennsylvania. Life member and officer in the Woman's Missionary Society.

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Paulsel, December 25, 1920, Refuge, Indiana. First president of the Woman's Missionary Society.

Mrs. Hattie Boucher, October 20, 1920, Mackinaw, Illinois, age 55 years. Life member of the Woman's Missionary Society.

Mrs. Emily Moats, November 28, 1920, Hermon, Illinois, age 70 years. A charter member and president of the Woman's Missionary Society.

A correction: By mistake the death of Mrs. C. M. Beacon, Phoenix, Arizona, was reported in January WORLD CALL. It should have read Mr. George Beacon.

Well Deserved Recognition

AT a recent meeting of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America held at Garden City, January 18-20, there was submitted the plan for the organization of an International Missionary Committee, to be representative of the different national, interdenominational missionary conferences. The plan was unanimously adopted by the conference and Stephen J. Corey of the United Christian Missionary Society was among the twenty men and women elected as members of the new committee. His term covers the period from 1921-1923. Of this committee Dr. John R. Mott is chairman, J. H. Oldham and A. L. Warnshuis, secretaries, and James M. Speers, acting treasurer.

* * *

At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the International Sunday School Association, Robert M. Hopkins was unanimously chosen as the new chairman to succeed Fred A. Wells, a prominent business man of Chicago. The service rendered is a purely volunteer one. In the past the office has been held by prominent laymen who have done much effective work for the Sunday schools of North America.

Our New Candidate Secretary

ALEXANDER PAUL has been chosen as Candidate Secretary to succeed D. O. Cunningham recently deceased. Mr. Paul has served nearly twenty years in China and, while home on furlough this last year, has been teaching at the College of Missions. When the need for a successor to Mr. Cunningham came the attention of the Foreign Department of the United Society was instantly turned toward Mr. Paul, and he has been prevailed upon to forego his return to China for a time at least, in order that he may care for the important work of enlisting as well as directing and selecting missionary candidates for the field. Mr. Paul combines the characteristics for such a type of work in a remarkable way. He has been in student work in China for many years and while there has had wide experience in an administrative capacity, serving for a number of years as secretary of the China Mission.

Mr. Paul's heart is in China and it is only the pressure of need for the finding of candidates for China and the other fields that has been sufficient to make his longer stay in the homeland possible.

The special significance in the election of Mr. Hopkins at this time is the fact that only recently the International Committee has been reorganized to contain within its membership the general Sunday school officials and representatives of various communions. Their desire in the election of a new chairman was to obtain some one who would command the support of both the old and the new leaders. The result was the election of Robert M. Hopkins of the United Christian Missionary Society.

Alexander Paul

Plain Questions and Straight Answers on Ministerial Pensions

Board of Ministerial Relief,
Indianapolis, Ind.
Dear Friends:

I am becoming doubtful whether my investment in a Pension Certificate was or is a profitable one. Not long ago I saw in one of our church papers that a widow of one of these Pensioners was to receive $120 per year.

Now my first premium was nearly $300, if I remember correctly. My annual premium is $117.02. Please tell me frankly if you deem it wise from the standpoint of Life Insurance for me to continue. Could I not better buy old line Life Insurance? Would it not likely provide a better protection to my wife in case of my death, than does this Pension Certificate? I am 58, and in good health. Please advise me frankly,

Cordially,

P. S.—I am purposely leaving out, in these questions, any consideration of the religious value of my payments, though I am not unmindful of this side of it. Please let me have your best judgment.

January 18th, 1921.

My dear brother:

Your inquiry of the 13th is duly received and appreciated. We are glad to reply with utmost frankness. The figures show that the Pension is by far the best protection for our preachers, even at the present values.

Your back payment with which you enrolled was $363.49. Your last payment of dues will be for age 64, making seven payments of $117.02, a total of $1,182.63.

As to benefits: your pension will begin after seven years from enrollment. The present value is $200 per year, which is 5 per cent on an investment of $4,000. The same benefits would be payable to you for life in case of permanent disability occurring at any time. The death benefits are now $120 per year, equal to $2,400 protection and still better as there is no expense, care or risk of loss. One large insurance company discovered that of all their settlements of $5,000 or more, in seven years, for 90 per cent of the cases, the full amount had been lost or dissipated.

Had you taken a ten year Endowment policy, in a certain representative Life Insurance Company, you would have paid $118.31 per year or a total of $1,183.10. If you lived, the benefits would begin in ten years. As an investment, using the above rate of income, it would be worth $50 a year. In case of total disability during the period, you would receive no benefits but your premiums would still call for payment. In event of death, your wife would receive $1,000, and the income would be the same as noted above, except that she would have the care and risk of loss of her principal. The trend of insurance is toward the basis of equal payments over an extended time instead of a lump sum settlement.

For comparison: At present values the Pension benefits begin three years earlier than the Insurance settlement and would pay $600 (before Insurance would yield anything). * * * The income per year would be four times greater. In event of and four-tenths greater. The endowment policy would have no protection for disability.

It is only fair to say that in seven years the Pension should be well on its way toward the maximum benefits of $500 per year total disability, or retirement pension, the income from $10,000, and $300 per year death benefits, the income from $6,000. Two death benefits and two disability benefits are now being paid.

We note your last paragraph and are pleased to make the comparison on a strictly business basis. There is, however, in the moral obligation an important factor that will have much to do with the future of our ministry.

Trusting that this is satisfactory and that it will not only assure you of the worth of your Certificate but also make you an ardent missionary for the Pension among the many preachers you see, we are,

Yours sincerely,
BOARD OF MINISTERIAL RELIEF.
F. E. SMITH.

A Call to United Prayer

A CALL to prayer has been sounded! The word and plan have been sent out to all our churches and mission stations the world around to meet for a sunrise prayer meeting on Easter morning from 6 to 6:45, March 27. An entire brotherhood unitedly praying for the salvation of the world at this early hour will bring power for soul-winning. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

The early sun should arise to shine on prayer services the world around in its twenty-four hour journey; this is symbolical of the Son of righteousness who has arisen to shine in all hearts of those who seek Him this day. Very early in the morning of the first day of the week came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to the tomb and the angel said "He is not here, He is risen." Very early in the morning on this first day of the week let there be thousands who will come about the empty tomb in meditation and prayer.

As we enter upon our five year program to win at least 1,000,000 to Christ and the church, it is very necessary that we begin and continue this wonderful program in united prayer. Our supreme task is evangelism: it is the supreme task of the missionary on the foreign field, and it is the highest work of the church at home. Luke 19:11; "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost." This was the purpose of His coming; in His going away He committed this work to our care and keeping; He counts on His church "to seek and to save that which is lost." The church needs the power that prayer always brings for this stupendous task. "Who is able" in his own strength to accomplish this work? Christ knew that of ourselves we were not able, so his promise was given "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." As the early Disciples prefaced Pentecost with prayer, as Christ himself began every important work in prayer, so should his church remember not only to preface its programs and work with prayer but to continue in that same way. All of our evangelism should be immersed in prayer continually. Above all other things, this work can only be done in this attitude of mind and heart.

If, for any reason, members of the church in the homeland or the mission field cannot meet at a central place for this early prayer service, then there should be plans arranged where groups here and there could get together conveniently at this early hour with a leader. This will apply in many instances to our rural communities where our people are scattered. Someone should take the initiative in planning these services; someone should be definitely appointed to lead the prayer meeting; announcement should be made beforehand and the whole church should be urged to attend.

The following is the suggested program; it may be changed to suit local conditions. There is no place on the program for speech-making; this is to be a service of prayer and intercession.

EASTER SUNRISE PRAYER MEETING PROGRAM.

MARCH 27—6:00—6:45 A. M.

A suggested program of prayer for all our fields both home and foreign. All using the same program on all world fields will mean great power and inspiration. This is not a time for speech making but for importunate and intercessory prayer. Let groups gather in churches, homes or wherever most convenient.

PRAYER PROGRAM

Hymn
Scripture Reading, Matt. 28:1-20.
Prayer, (1) For the sunrise prayer services on all fields.
(2) Expressing gratitude for the Easter time and for the risen, regal, reigning Christ.
Hymn
Scripture References,
1 Cor. 15:3-11; 1 Cor. 15:12-19; Dan. 12:3; Prov. 11:30; Jas. 5:20; Mark 16:15-16; Luke 24:46-48; John 8:29; John 20:21; Acts 1:8.
Solo, (Hymn)
Prayer,
(1) For all our pastors, evangelists and missionaries.
(2) For our orphans and aged, and for generous offerings for them today.
(3) For a more intense evangelistic and missionary passion in our Churches and Stations.
(4) For the success of our 5 Year Program of Evangelism to win at least one million to Christ and the Church.
(5) That every Christian shall become an Evangelist to win others to Christ.
(6) For unity and brotherly love in each local church and in the Brotherhood.
Hymn
Intercessory Prayer Period,
(1) Have each one present name at least one whom they desire led to Christ.
(2) Prayers for those named that they shall be won today.
Hymn—"Blest Be the Tie That Binds."
Lord's Prayer.

Prepared by DEPARTMENT OF EVANGELISM
United Christian Missionary Society.

Women's Missionary Societies and Circles

Program Helps

Bible Study

JESUS answered and said unto her, "If thou knewest the gift of God and who it is that saith to thee, give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water."

The woman saith unto him, "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep; whence then hast thou that living water?"

Jesus answered and said unto her, "Every one that drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall become in him a well of water springing up unto eternal life."

Jesus, the divine Teacher, spoke in terms of the simple things of life, when he gave his great spiritual lessons to men and women.

The seed in the hand of the sower, the leaven in the meal, the fish in the net, the lilies of the field, all were used to make clear the great principles upon which his Kingdom was to be established.

So the story that John gives us in the fourth chapter of his gospel is interesting as it shows how Jesus, with no point of mental contact with a woman of sinful life except his request for a drink of water, was able through that beautiful, refreshing symbol to give her some conception at least of that spiritual truth, which would be in every human heart that would receive it, a well of water springing up unto eternal life.

The face of the Master, the influence of his presence, his kindly words to her, a sinful woman, the first drink of that living water began at once the quenching of the fires of sin in her heart, and became a fountain giving forth immediately its life giving power to others.

For we are told, "the woman left her water-pot and went away into the city, and saith, 'Come, see a man who told me all things that ever I did; can this be the Christ?' And from that city many of the Samaritans believed on him because of the word of the woman who testified, 'He told me all things that ever I did.'"

The story is told of a deep, old well in one of the far eastern countries, from which the water must be drawn by means of a rope attached to one of the native animals. In drawing the water, the animal wears a path from the well, and the people say they can always tell the depth of the water by the length of the path.

In each heart that loves the Savior and has pledged allegiance to him there is this well of living water, that Jesus promised to all when he talked to the woman at the well. Every such life has its influence, and the extent of that influence largely measures the depth of the spiritual springs of life.

As we consider our own lives, the most of us will acknowledge with sadness that the length of the path of our influence is all too brief, and it is not difficult to find the reason why.

Here and there about us we see men and women of far reaching power for good and we know that in their lives are to be found the deep waters of refreshing which come from the drinking of that fountain which lies deep in the heart of the Master. It is our own fault if from this unsounded depth we have nothing with which to draw.

In these days we are thinking much of the great spiritual leader who has gone out from among us, our Brother A. McLean. His was truly a long path of influence reaching to the ends of the earth. Along the way we find beautiful flowers blooming—the love of little children; the songs of praise to God in many tongues; the prayers of souls redeemed from sin. Such is the path of life and light that measured the depth of the spiritual well-spring of this man who walked and talked with God.

The passion of his soul was that all men and women everywhere might hear Jesus' gracious invitation, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."

"This is the path that is as the dawning light,
That shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

In its light, through all the years men and women will find their way to the "fountains of life."

ELLIE K. PAYNE.

APRIL

The Bible and the Nations—Latin America

MUSIC.
PRAYER.
BUSINESS.
DEVOTIONAL PERIOD.
- Song.
- Bible Study.
- Prayers.
  - For the Teachers in the Latin-American Fields.
  - For the Girls in our Mexican Orphanage, that they become leaders among their own people.

SONG.
TALKS OR PAPERS.
- Translations of the Bible in Latin America.
- Teaching the Bible in Porto Rico.

ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE.
HIDDEN ANSWERS.
SONG.
BENEDICTION.
PROGRAM HELPS:
- Leaflets: Translations of the Bible in Latin America, 3 cents; Teaching the Bible in Porto Rico, 3 cents.
- Special Article, "The Bible in Latin America," WORLD CALL for March.

Good News From the United Society

DURING the month of January the United Society issued twelve Annuity Bonds. This is almost an average of an annuity bond issued every other day, Sundays not included.

Among the new annuitants in the month of January was a minister who made a gift of $300. He does not have much of this world's goods, but he does have a large interest in the work of the Society and desires that his money shall work after his death to extend the Kingdom.

A good woman of Missouri has recently sent her check for $1,000 for the erection of a building on the foreign field as a memorial to her father. She had recently made a previous gift to the work of the United Society.

A friend of the work in Texas who gave the Society $850 during the past missionary year, now increases his gift to $1,000 for the support of a missionary on the foreign field. He feels the responsibility of rendering an account for his stewardship of the money which comes into his hands.

A number of the people who gave pledges for the support of the East Tokyo Institutional Church conducted by Fred E. Hagin, on a five-year basis, have already paid their pledges in full. They desire that enough money shall be collected as soon as possible that the new buildings may be erected. Mr. Hagin, in the meantime, is carrying on his work in rented buildings.

After the various boards of the United Society got together in St. Louis it was discovered that several annuitants had given money to all six of the societies. One of these friends who lives in the East who had an Annuity Bond in each of the six societies, has sent an additional gift and has received a bond of the United Society.

Up to February 7, the time of going to press, the United Society has issued a total of thirty-three Annuity Bonds. This is a great record from October 1, 1920. It is hoped that this number will reach a hundred by the close of the missionary year, June 30, 1921.

A good friend of the work in Illinois has sent his check for the support of a missionary on the foreign field. There is an increasing number of individuals who are [illegible] of having a larger [illegible]ship in the work. They may be enrolled as Living Links either in the home or the foreign field, as they may desire.

A farmer who had made a pledge of [illegible]0 to the work in China writes that, in spite of the low price of corn, he wants his pledge to be paid and recently sent a check for $2,500 as partial payment.

Echoes From Everywhere

First Commencement Exercises, Laoag, Philippine Islands

The following significant announcement, printed in green ink, upon white paper—the class colors—came to the Headquarters recently:

The Faculty and Senior Class
of the
Christian Training School
desires the honor of your presence
at the
Commencement Exercises
to be held December 5-8, 1920, at
Laoag, Ilocos Norte

At the bottom of the program were printed the names of eleven Filipino young women, the first class to finish the training course which has prepared them to go out in Christian service as Bible women. The school has been in charge of Vera Adamson and Edith Eberle. Through a gift of Mr. and Mrs. Adamson, of Akron, a new building, at a cost of $30,000, is being erected which will provide much better equipment for this splendid work.

From our Farthest Station In Africa

Progress is being made in clearing the station at Mondombe and building houses. I made a hurried trip of about fifty miles to visit an official who was very sick but he had begun to improve before I reached him. One of our head men visited the out-stations and some unoccupied villages. We are sending men to begin work in four of these new places.

E. R. Moon.

Growth of Interest in Russian Mission, Chicago

John Johnson, minister of our Russian Church in Chicago, reports: "On Christmas Sunday and New Year Sunday, we had very good meetings in our church. On December 26 the church was filled for the first time. We had about 200 adults and 60 children. Results of these services are very promising. All the members received great spiritual uplift. Also new people have become very much interested.

"I must mention one incident in the watch night service: One young Russian man rose up and made this confession: 'I was a member of the orthodox church, socialist party, communist party, bolsheviki and anarchist, but no where have I found peace and satisfaction. Lately I came among you and began to read the New Testament, and now I see the light. Now I wish to fulfil everything Christ teaches and follow with you.' This is one of the best results of our holiday services."

From Tolbert F. Reavis, Buenos Aires

"You no doubt have learned a little earlier than this of our safe arrival in Buenos Aires on December 20. We are very happy to be here after a long voyage of forty-five days on the sea. We regretted the delay in England but it was not without benefit. While there we were privileged to attend the burial, in Westminster Abbey, of the unknown British soldier, brought from the battlefields of France; a service in which the King was the chief mourner. It was a most wonderful event. I suppose that nothing, since the great war ceased, has gripped the heart of England like this event. For seven days a stream of people, four deep, filed through the Abbey and deposited their flowers and offerings of money.

"We are indeed happy to be here again. Mr. and Mrs. Lemmon are doing well but both are in need of a rest. I have preached for him several times in the short time that we have been here and I am planning to take a great many more of the services for him during the summer. We had the monthly meeting of the mission yesterday and allotted to the new workers and myself, their places. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes are to teach in the Colegio and I am to teach Science in the same school and Sociology in the seminary.

"I do want to say one thing; that is, that I have never seen a finer lot of men and women in any mission than we have here. We are staying with the Lemmons until we get our goods out of the custom's house and move into the nice home near the school, where we are to live.

"In deepest sorrow do we learn of the passing of our dear Brother McLean."

New Lives Dedicated for Service

From Alameda, California, through the minister W. B. Higgins, we have the following: "We had a wonderful day on December 19. We had our "White Gifts for the King." A special appeal was made for life dedication and twelve of our young men and women came forward to give themselves for special service. Two of the young men dedicated themselves to the ministry. There were also thirteen who made the confession, and a number came in by statement. We have had twenty-two additions during the month of December."

Home for the Furlough Period

A recent letter has come from Mrs. Bessie Farrar Madsen who, with her family, is again in the homeland after ten years service in India. She writes: "We left 'home' about September 21, sailed the 31st from Calcutta for London, intending to stay there only eight or ten days, but really remaining there from November 4 to December 21, because we were unable to secure passage across before." While in London they stayed in the Foreign Missions Club where they met many interesting people from all parts of the world.

"One of the saddest things to me," she adds, "in the recent happenings here at home is the passing of A. McLean. He was the president of Bethany College when I was there and how we loved and honored him! I had looked forward to coming home partly because of seeing him again. He always seemed to me to be my ideal of purity and deep, sincere holiness.

"I shall do all I can locally to help the cause, but cannot attempt anything more until I am stronger. Father Madsen is well. The sea trip, which was hard for us, brought him health and strength. He looks better than he has for years.

"The children were much disappointed on having Christmas on the sea but we had a sweet, happy time anyway, and old Santa managed to find his way into the little stateroom, just as he has found his way to the jungle home all these years."

Happy in the Service Ahead

Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Hinds will be remembered by many as students in the College of Missions. Last year they spent at Purdue University in special preparation for the agricultural work which they expect to undertake in Mexico. They are finishing their second year of special study and research in the University at Berkeley, California. Mrs. Hinds in a personal letter writes: "Mr. Hinds has just completed the examination for the first semester's work. He has had irrigation, dry farming, citriculture, viticulture and farm management.

"Our next semester is finished May 7, and we want soon to be making our future plans. If possible, I would like to go to Mexico early, before the worst heat, on the baby's account.

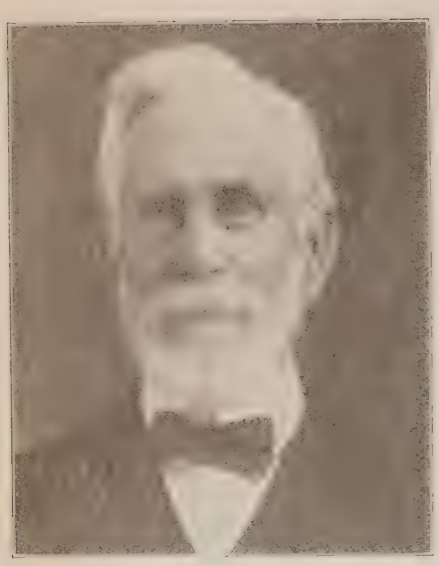
"We have been very busy but have thoroughly enjoyed being here. Folks are so nice and we have met so many of them. We have made a good many talks to churches, missionary societies and circles. There is a good deal of good missionary material among the university students who belong to the Christian churches around the bay."

Upon the completion of this two years of special preparation, Mr. and Mrs. Hinds will

(*Continued on page* 60.)

Hidden Answers

1. Who is the new candidate secretary?
2. When is the special prayer service to be held?
3. Tell one incident in the giving of the Filipino church.
4. What gift was recently made for Tibet?
5. What is the call of China today?
6. What made the change in the little child who was afraid of anyone who came into the room?
7. What was it that the old man said in a little town of Northern Mexico?
8. What great gift was recently given to one of our colleges?
9. Tell the story of Dr. Tucker in the interior of Brazil.
10. For what is the Easter offering given?
11. What is the special idea that some state conventions will stress this spring and summer?
12. Why is Nantungchow a unique city?
13. What did Dr. Wang urge upon the new missionaries?
14. If the Bible school functions properly, what will it inspire our young people to do?



G. D. Sellers

THIS veteran of Jewell, Kansas, is in his 84th year but still preaching. His love of the gospel and his brethren has grown during the latter years of lessening strength.

He evangelized western Kansas in the pioneer days. He and his wife weathered more than twenty years of aggressive work through hot winds, drought, crop failures and rapidly changing population. He fathered the cause from the pulpit and in the homes which were mainly sheltered in sod houses.

He is respected and honored today for his godly life and self-forgetful ministry. Many churches of his founding are the living testimony to his fruitful effort during his ministry of 54 years. He brought into the church one of our prominent evangelists and set him at his task. The fine spirit of his preaching presented the gospel in power and with a passion for the unity of all believers.

He is happy in the confidence and fellowship of his brethren in a wider sense now because of his share in ministerial support. He takes it as an honor justly bestowed and growing out of the New Testament teaching to the church on the subject. The church is blest by this fellowship with him and the other 255 homes, made glorious by a life of service in the ministry.

F. E. SMITH.

Missionary Education

THE Department of Missionary Education must provide for two phases of missionary education: First, all approved activities, plans, organizations and agencies, developed in the past and inherited by the United Society, are to be conserved and utilized. Second, a thorough study of the whole field of missionary education for the entire church should be made and a carefully developed program of education formulated. This program must aim to meet the needs of different groups within the church, children, adolescent boys and girls, young people and adults. Methods to be formulated and materials provided should be based upon an understanding of the needs of each group.

Missionary material is being provided for the use of various organizations within the church, and missionary education is being carried forward along the following lines:

1. For the entire local congregation, the pulpit and the leadership of the pastor are most essential and potent. The Church School of Missions is a method extensively used and becoming increasingly effective. The leaflet, "The Church School of Missions" explains this plan in detail and lists the literature needed in conducting such a school.

2. For teaching missions in the Sunday school, plans and materials are provided for different departments and classes. Regular missionary instructions is necessary in every standard or efficient Sunday school.

3. For auxiliary missionary societies including boys' and girls' organizations, Triangle Clubs, Young People's Missionary Circles and Woman's Missionary Societies, regular plans and programs are provided, together with a great volume of supplementary literature and supplies.

4. For regular missionary meetings of Christian Endeavor Societies twelve monthly missionary programs have been prepared, based on the topics outlined by the United Society of Christian Endeavor and the Missionary Education Program of Disciples of Christ.

5. Mission study classes among various groups in the local church are conducted and a graded assortment of mission study books is provided at United Society headquarters.

6. Missionary summer conferences are held annually at inviting resorts. Young people and local missionary leaders are attending in ever increasing numbers. Deepened devotion, widened vision, quickened conscience and increased efficiency along all lines of missionary work are resulting from these missionary conferences, also many recruits for service on mission fields are being won through them.

7. For stimulating missionary conscience, vision and activity throughout the brotherhood, much field work is being done by returned missionaries, board secretaries and missionary rally teams.

Literature

a. WORLD CALL, carrying regularly to thousands of pastors and local church workers new and vital information concerning mission fields and activities and the progress of Christianity throughout the world is one of the greatest agencies for missionary education.

b. THE KING'S BUILDERS, a missionary magazine for boys and girls, is meeting a vital need in a much neglected but most important field. Every Christian father and mother should provide for their growing children such literature as will bring to them a clear idea of the place of the church among the nations and of Christian progress and work throughout the world.

c. Missionary books are provided which will put thinking people into touch and understanding of international questions from the Christian viewpoint and will bring most vital and interesting information from the mission fields of the world. Extensive book stocks are carried by the United Christian Missionary Society and can be ordered from its headquarters. (Catalogues will be sent on request.)

d. Leaflets and booklets are provided regarding the mission fields, institutions and missionaries of Disciples of Christ; historical and descriptive leaflets; story and narrative leaflets; stewardship and devotional leaflets; leaflets on plans and methods for work of local societies; missionary plays and pageants; also maps, charts, posters and other helps are supplied from headquarters.

e. Missionary education is also being carried forward through an ever increasing use of stereopticon lectures which are available for use of churches at any time.

Filipino Church Sets High Mark in Giving

By E. K. HIGDON

"HOW We Got Our New Church Property" is the title of a manuscript written by a fourth year student in the Seminary High school, who is doing part of his work by correspondence. I asked him to put into writing a speech which he made at our Seminary chapel exercises a few weeks ago.

M. C. Evangelista graduated from the Union Theological Seminary at a time when a High school course was not a pre-requisite for the Seminary training. He was not a High school graduate. The Presbyterian Mission stationed him in a town where the church was not in a flourishing condition but he tackled the job with a lot of energy and great faith in the ability of God. A good deal of his work is with High school students and, not being satisfied with his education, he has kept pegging away so that during spare moments he has finished all of the High school work excepting one or two studies. And he has been producing results in his religious work, too. The church which was weak three years ago now has a membership of almost three hundred. This rapid growth has forced the congregation to face the problem of securing a new building. The following did it.

During the last three years the church in Batangas has grown so rapidly that our little chapel could no longer accommodate us. For a long time we have planned to build a new church but we have never had the funds to carry our project. We have never ceased to pray that God might show us the way. Then one day recently when our missionary and I were talking over the matter, we

cided to approach the owner of the lot located on the main street right in the center of the city and ask him to sell it to us. A good concrete warehouse 55 feet long and 30 feet wide stands on the lot. We knew that it could be made into a very nice church building. The missionary asked the owner, an American in Manila, to put a price on the place but the man replied that it was not for sale. He is a Christian, however, and when he found out how badly we needed the property, he decided to let us have it for 3500 pesos ($1,750) and gave 250 pesos as his own contribution. There were people in our town who would have paid 5000 pesos for the lot and *bodega.* This must have been part of God's answer to our many unceasing prayers.

We had a week's option on the property. I immediately asked the members to pray earnestly about the matter and to be prepared on the following Sunday to make their gifts for the glory of the Lord. My wife and I had long seasons of prayer for the success of the campaign. We knew that we could not succeed unless God helped us mightily, for our members were very short of money because it was the rainy season and business was poor. I was constantly comforted by the thought that nothing is impossible with God and that all things are possible to him that believeth.

Sunday came. In the morning it was raining hard. We began to be discouraged, thinking the attendance would be small, but to our great surprise the chapel was full. After the sermon we went into the business session. Several of the members led in prayer before we took any subscriptions. Then nearly every member present made a pledge but still there was not enough money. Three thousand two hundred fifty pesos is a lot of money. After a time we had silent prayer. Immediately following that a member stood up and said that he had no money but that he would give his pig and his watch. His brother was next: "I have a ring which my grandmother gave me. It is 80 years old. It is the dearest of all my possessions but I am glad to give it to the Lord."

A woman arose with tears streaming down her cheeks. "I have an *Arcania,* (a savings-box)," she said, "which I have kept for many years. Before I was married I began to put pennies into it so that I would have something for my children when I grew old. I do not know how much there is in it but I will give it to the Lord." When she went home and opened the box she found that it contained $35.10.

Another woman said that she was ashamed to wear jewelry while the work of the Lord was so badly in need of money and, taking off her earrings, her ring and her necklace, she gave them. A man sold the only cow he had, his only work animal, and gave all the money to the church. A few days later I saw him and his son plowing, one pulling, the other pushing the plow.

When the business session ended, the full amount had not yet been raised and we went home to plan and to pray until the evening service. Many of the members who had made their pledges decided to increase them. One man had promised fifty pesos in the morning and he thought he ought to give fifty more but he was afraid to suggest it to his wife because she was not so enthusiastic a Christian as he. Just before they started to the evening meeting the wife said, "Let us pray before we go." When they had finished their prayer, she proposed that they increase their pledge to 150 pesos!

A widow, the mother of six children, sat through most of the service trying to think of something to give. She was so poor that the family knew what it meant to get along often on part rations. Finally she promised to give six pesos. She did not know where she would get the money but on Monday a neighbor came and paid her that amount on an old debt which had been oustanding a long time. Another woman, trembling with emotion, declared, "Pastor, I am going to withdraw from the church. I have nothing to give and I am unworthy to be called a follower of Jesus Christ."

Before the meeting closed that evening we had enough money pledged to purchase the property. We now have all the papers arranged and are at work transforming the building into a church. We hope to occupy it about the middle of October. This experience has brought us all nearer our Master than ever before. It seemed as though we were in the upper room at Jerusalem. The faces of the people fairly shone with the joy of triumph.

Manila, Philippine Islands.

Some of Our Missionaries in the Philippines

Reading from left to right: Mrs. Agnew, Miss Eberle, Mr. and Mrs. McCaw, Mr. and Mrs. Higdon, Mr. and Mrs. Hanna, Mr. and Mrs. Wolfe.

Union Commencement in Nantungchow, China, July 5, 1920

Textile College, Commercial College, Agricultural College, Normal School. Frank Garrett, only foreigner, at the right of Chang Chien, Jr. (center with folded arms and dark glasses) was present by invitation and gave a brief address.

Progress and Problems of Nantungchow

By FRANK GARRETT

WE rejoice in the excellent site secured adjoining the present hospital plant and residences for additional residences and the Boys' School. The last China Convention approved of plans which will take over $100,000 to complete. We have now contracted for $30,000 worth of buildings. As I write, July 13, the walls of two dormitories are going up. When these are completed they will accommodate 256 boys. They will be used at first for classes, dining rooms and other purposes also. We expect to move into these new buildings in September. Interest in the school is good and students are now making applications for admission.

On invitation from Chang Chien, the leading citizen not only of Tungchow but of all China, and Chang Cha, his brother, I attended the union commencement exercises at Nantungchow and gave a brief address on Progress, Humility, and Union. I am sending you a picture of part of the graduates with a few of the teachers and officers. We have been asked to join, when we have graduates, in this yearly union commencement exercise, to include all the higher schools, even the Girls' Normal. This year only the Textile College, Commercial College, Agricultural School and Normal School were represented. It is a great privilege to be associated with the educa-

Think of a Park and Playground for All Children in China!

This was provided by Chang Chien under Christian influence.

tional leaders here in the development of this district. We ask the friends at home to pray that we may be worthy of the place offered us, and the cordiality extended us in this wonderful and united work of bringing the young men and women of this progressive district into fuller knowledge of truth and life at its best.

Through the work of the church we are constantly getting into touch with a larger circle of friends and we are full of hope for the future, Our new pastor, Y. C. Lee, is studying out the problems and addressing himself to them in a splendid way. He is taking a census of the wine and tobacco business of the city to better understand the extent of these evils. The city magistrate talked with him until late at night recently on the question of establishing a society to oppose gambling, wine and tobacco. The magistrate feared he would offend the foreigners. Had he much success he no doubt would offend the British and American Tobacco Co., which is driving the cigarette trade with such tremendous energy. It is not uncommon to hear it said that this trade will do China more harm than the opium trade ever did. We regret that America is behind it. We also regret that the American brewers are coming to China and that an American loan should be made with the wine tax as security.

Last night as I came home from a game of tennis, I saw for the first time in my twenty-four years in China a Chinese beastly drunk and wallowing like a hog in the mire at the side of the canal. His friends were trying to pull him out but were having a wild and ineffectual struggle in the foot-deep slime of this mud flat. They said he had been drinking only native wine. We have to fight against growing evils both native and imported.

The hospital has had a good year. Many patients have been turned away for lack of room. About $7,000 has been received for fees. This being more than any year in the past shows a commendable growth for the year. Dr. Yang has shown his splendid ability to manage a hospital in the absence of the foreign doctor. But we are all eager for Dr. Hagman's return. We very much hope he may be able to secure the first class X-Ray machine which the mission has recommended for him and which he has so well qualified himself to use during his year on furlough. The work and the workers are worthy of this equipment.

I am sending you also two views (one shown herewith and one on page six, December WORLD CALL) of the parks of our little city to show you something of the beauty and charm of Nantungchow as it now is and help you picture what it may be when the Sun of Righteousness shall arise and shine with healing and life abundant for body, mind and spirit for these attractive and talented people of the Flowery Kingdom.

Nantungchow Ku, China.

A Gift for Tibet

THE South Side Christian Church of Kokomo, of which I am pastor, made application for a visit by Dr. Shelton as soon as he returned from Tibet. Our hopes were realized recently when Dr. Shelton delivered his wonderful address in our church.

At the close of the service a fine offering was taken for work in Tibet. While Dr. Shelton was still with us we inquired into the needs of missionaries, and he incidently spoke of surgical instruments. It so happens that Elwood Haynes of our city, a few years ago, invented a combination of substances known as stellite. This metallic compound has all the properties of steel yet it is not steel. Among its wonderful properties is this—there is no acid that will rust it and only one acid that will tarnish it. The factory is located here, and among the products of the plant are high grade surgical instruments.

When Dr. Shelton was told of the wonderful new metal he said it was too good to be true. He wanted to see for himself. So we spent about half a day in the factory. He was convinced and became enthusiastic about the possibilities he saw in the use of such instruments in Tibet as it is a very difficult thing to keep steel instruments from rusting over there.

We asked him to select any instruments he thought he could use regardless of cost. He did so and we bought them for him and gave them to him for a New Year's greeting from our church. The set cost about $100, but when the Stellite officials found out what we were going to do with the instruments they promptly donated about forty dollars on the account. This enabled us to purchase about 21 fine instruments. Among the number are two pairs of surgical scissors at ten dollars per pair. Dr. Shelton has already expressed his appreciation of the gift in a delightful letter. I am quite sure other churches could find some delightful thing to do for some missionary. It would hearten our folks who spend so much time in a far-away land and give many churches a personal interest in missions and missionaries that they have not had hitherto.

H. RANDEL LOOKABILL.

Christian Church, Batesburg, South Carolina

South Carolina Adds Another Church by the Aid of the Church Extension Board

I IMAGINE if one were going down in the water for the third time, and in nick of time some hand should slip a life preserver beneath him, there would be produced in him a feeling of relief such as the Batesburg congregation experienced when the message was received that THE CHURCH EXTENSION BOARD HAS GRANTED THE LOAN OF $1,500.

We belong to a wonderful brotherhood. From far away California we acknowledge gifts amounting to ninety dollars. Our own Third District, this state, contributed more than five hundred dollars, credit being given to Columbia, Merritt's Bridge and Ellenton. Other and lesser contributions came from other churches within the state, and then crowning all came the Church Extension fund lifting us out of the valley of doubt and setting our feet upon a firm foundation.

We still lack some equipment, but we are moving forward prayerfully and carefully, with faith that under Divine guidance a work will be done which will reach down through the ages, the ultimate fruitage of which will appear in the garden of our God in His everlasting Kingdom.

It should be stated that 90 per cent of the members attend regularly, which shows the interest the church has in its work. It also ought to be stated that every church building erected in the state of South Carolina during the last fifteen years has been aided by the Church Extension Board.

Columbia, S. C. M. W. MASON.

Mighty Son of a Noble Race

By HUGH McLELLAN

Reprinted from *Christian Men* of February, 1912.

RIVERS are rivers and men are men, but although all rivers are called rivers and all men are called men, there is a vast difference among the individuals. All rivers have banks and a flowing stream, but one is a Nile and another a Niagara. One is a Nile because it toils through a desert, the other is a Niagara because it is hurled through a gorge. So it is with lives. All have the life stuff in common; but whence it comes and whither it goes, how it comes and how it goes makes the difference between man and man. Back of the flowing blood are the racial springs and the tempering histories. We see the moving tide between the river banks, but who can tell what swims below,—the shapes that swim and the forms that creep. So there move before our eyes the multitudes of men; and some of them are preachers and some are traders and some farmers and some missionary presidents, all more or less conventionalized and shaped by the pressure of the times: but who can tell what swims below,—the shapes that swim and the forms that creep under the tides of life. These things make the difference among the preachers and farmers and traders and missionary presidents. Shakespeare says that the dyer's hand is subdued to the color that it works in. True, but there's an antique sinew and a modern skill which the colors never reach.

The Clan McLean had its seat in the islands which lie along the coast of the western Highlands of Scotland. Particularly they held the island of Mull. A wild home for a wild clan. They were a powerful people, brave, magnanimous and free. They were the fastest of friends and the fiercest of foes. These Celtic McLeans were not your "canny Scots." The canny, cautious, long-headed, pawky Scot has his habitat throughout the lowlands and along the eastern coasts. These McLeans of the Isles were men of different temper. They lived in rocky, barren places. They took a spoil from the most dangerous seas. They espoused desperate causes. They went into battle always against great odds. In all their tasks from bread to victory their lives were the gauge and challenge. These were not the conditions for a canny spirit. Natures were bred here at once romantic, mystic and passionate. Looking ever into the face of death they ceased to fear. Looking into the face of sea and mountain and sky they grew romantic. In their loneliness they became mystics. Their seers had gifts. Second sight was not uncommon. Their language has the mist of the mountain over it. It has also the wash of the sea in it. These things are in their language because they are in their blood. These are the shapes that swim and the forms that creep under the life tides of the McLeans wherever they may be.

Archibald McLean is perhaps the best known figure in our brotherhood. He is known to multitudes of his friends as a quiet man, a great reader, a constant student, a fast friend. Those who know him most love him best. However he is fixed in the mind of our people as a unique platform figure in our great conventions. Having seen and heard him thus, one cannot forget him. His style is his own—it is himself. Quiet, in the main it is, but passionate. Not the passion of abandon and rant, but a suppressed passion. Like the poetry of Wordsworth, his quiet style is an intense thing. His feelings suffuse his words and gestures and overflow his hearers. His cloud darts no withering bolts, but there is a constant flushing and glowing. His words are at times veils of beauteous mysticism which like the mist on the mountain of Mull reveal as well as hide. His face is as expressive as his words. It is a sad Scotch face like Carlyle's; but in the intense passages of his speech, it is drawn with the tragedy of the world's need or glows with the joy of a world's salvation. His hand is eloquent. He does not suit the word to the gesture and the gesture to the word. He utterly lacks elocution. His hand anticipates his word. It is tied to his heart. In a spasmodic twitch it leaps to his head. It is a signal for an utterance hot from the heart.

Some think Brother McLean is at his best when presiding over the foreign missionary sessions of our great conventions. Perhaps so; I prefer to hear him preach. However this may be, it is a great experience to see and hear him lead a great missionary gathering. Under his hand it becomes a means of grace to every soul. He gets behind every speaker. He blesses them with courage. He gives freely of his spirit to them. As they speak they know that he is praying for them. But his chief love is for the missionaries. When he leads them forth before the people, his hand lingers lovingly on the shoulder and you perceive that they are his children in the Gospel.

Today Archibald McLean is probably sitting at his desk in the Foreign Society offices. He is constant at his task. The church has no servant more faithful. As he sits at his desk, it may not be given him to know the great influence for good he has over his brethren. This sweet knowledge is withheld from modest natures. He would probably deny it. We know it. We have only to look at his associates. They are growing men; growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Of course, the missionary facts and needs have stirred their souls. Their own faithfulness is having its fruitage. But I think I see over all this the influence of A. McLean. They are getting more and more like their leader. It is not an imitation, but rather a nearing through admiration and love to a rare and noble man.

There is an inner room in every man's life,—an upper room where Jesus sits with his disciple. It is the place where a man makes his surrender and his sacrifices. It is not given to me to open this door. You can tell the man who meets his Savior in the upper room by his spirit of sacrifice. I do not propose to catalogue anything. I do not know. I doubt if any man knows. We do know, though, that no missionary on the field shall ever hunger or need if A. McLean has anything in hand. Nor shall the flag of Christ be lowered on any mission station, if the sacrifice of A. McLean can keep it flying. Along the sacrificial line we do not know, but we suspect. We do know, however, that for our sakes and the gospel's Archibald McLean is today a poor man. His greatest indulgence is a good book. His wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, are those that hear the word of Christ and do it.

In conclusion, I may say that we have a fairly good sprinkling of really great men among us. We have great preachers, great teachers, great evangelists, great organizers and great scholars; and were they all to sit down at a feast it would matter little where the McLean sat, high or low, that would be the head of the table.

San Antonio, Texas.

HOW BIG A HEART HE HAD!

A. McLean was the type of man one scarcely needed to have close companionship with in order to love. I remember that he came to Butler College in about the year 1885. My sister and I entertained him in our home during his stay in Irvington. From that time we were good friends though I did not often see him.

The first year after coming to Ann Arbor I went with a group of Y. M. C. A. men from Michigan University to Lake Geneva for the regular yearly conference. I did not know that he was on the grounds. I presume he had but arrived when I met him in the woods somewhat remote from the crowd. He threw his arms around me and gave me such a hug as I had not received for a long time and seemed so genuinely glad to see me that I felt drawn to him more strongly than ever before. I had not known, up to this time, how big a heart he had and how demonstrative he could be with it. I have always loved him more for this affectionate meeting. It meant much to me, especially at a time when I was not feeling sure that I had made the best possible choice in leaving Kansas to come to Michigan. I imagine he was accustomed to do just such things as this very often and knew just when it was proper to do them.

I have thought much of him these last few days and the memory of him has been sweet and helpful. The work so near his heart must suffer for a time, but whoever succeeds him in that work will surely find inspiration and incentive to do his best in memory of the devotion, the consecration and the faith with which he always did his work.

THOMAS M. IDEN.

Ann Arbor Bible Chair, Ann Arbor, Mich.

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3. **A Great Demand.** Never in the history of the National Benevolent Association, now the Department of Benevolence of the United Society, was there a greater demand for service. The cry of distress of the hapless American victims of these troublous times is heard constantly outside our doors.

4. **Easter Our One Day.** Easter in the Bible Schools is the one day in all the year devoted to this sweet and tender ministry. If the Easter offering fails, our Homes fail, and the widow and the orphan will cry in vain for help.

5. **The Will of Christ.** It is the will of Christ that the hungry should be fed and the naked clothed. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Do not deny your school the privilege of fellowship in this worthy ministry. An offering for benevolence will bring a blessing to your church and increase its influence for good in the community in which it is located. The Department has many calls for service that it can not render because of lack of funds, and an increased Easter offering will help it to render more abundant service than it has been able to render in the past.

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Address .....

Pastor's Name .....

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Mark with (X) the person's name to whom supplies should be sent.

Send also at the proper time complete supplies for "Children's Day" on the above basis. Check here if wanted.....

Dr. Pearson Writes from Mondombe

(A personal letter)

This is the first time that I have written to you in your new home and it doesn't yet sound quite right. And you will notice, too, that this letter comes from what we hope to call home some day not so very far away.

The Oregon brought us up here to a committee meeting a couple of weeks ago—Mr. and Mrs. Hensey, Mr. Hedges and the Pearsons. Mr. and Mrs. Johnston and Allan came with us as far as Wema and stopped off there to plan a few things for their home-to-be. The boat spent three days here and then went away down river again leaving me behind.

We found Miss Wells and the Moons all well and happy. They all look a bit thinner than when they first came out but you couldn't get one of them to admit that he wasn't feeling fine. And they are busy, too. They are still living in their mud house back almost a mile from the river, but their frame building is nearing completion and I hope they will soon be able to get into it. For the present I'm occupying a couple of rooms of it which have been finished. This house is down near the river and will be a much pleasanter place for them to live.

We've put in most of the past week on building the kitchen and I've had my first lessons in laying brick, with Mr. Moon for teacher. It's a bit different from superintending building operations at Bolenge where we have somewhat skilled natives to do the actual work, but I've enjoyed it. I'll not make any guarantees about the staying qualities of the walls, however. A couple of local native boys have also been trying their hands at the work and all of us together are most too much for even Mr. Moon.

We've been advised that if ever we are likely to need more land at any of our stations we had best get it now, for some of the larger trading companies are taking up concessions all over the country and once they get possession it probably would be more difficult for us to get what we might want. So here at Mondombe we have decided to ask permission to buy all the land between the two creeks which flow, one on either side of us. It will give us from five to ten acres more land and will prevent any company from thrusting their attentions upon us. Yesterday we cut a path through the forest to try to determine about where our boundary would come.

Your official letters concerning the Interchurch Movement have not exactly filled us with joy but we shall try not to go to the other extreme either. While it will be hard to meet the problems which this ending necessarily brings we shall try to think that good must come from it later on. Out here we had been counting so much on going forward that I hardly see how we can do otherwise. Some building must be done to take care of the workers who are coming, and we cannot afford to let go of the skilled workmen who have been trained in the mission. There in the U. S. A., you hire a mason or a carpenter until your building is done and then he goes elsewhere. Out here where each station has a building program covering

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years ahead we must keep these men in our employ constantly. Once we let them go to the companies the demand is so great that we cannot get them back again.

Mr. Moon and I want to spend about a week in itinerating soon. Mrs. Moon and Miss Wells are quite willing to be left to their own devices for that long. These people up this way are most independent and don't fall over one another in getting to the mission. The bigger towns are farther back and we won't be able to see them this time but we hope to bring encouragement to the native evanglists in some of the nearer places. Our local evangelist figures that we shall need over 1,000 evangelists and teachers to properly work this field. Bolenge has about 200 now.

We've had rather a hard time trying to locate the Holders, for each station felt that they must have them. Much as they dislike to move we have asked the Moshers to go to Lotumbe, for it seems that they will be able to fill a need there until the Hobgoods return. And Bolenge gets the Holders until Mr. and Mrs. Edwards return, when we rather expect them to go to their old home at Monieka. That will, of course, depend somewhat on their personal wishes. Lotumbe had been counting on the Boyers and we are sorry indeed that they cannot come. I trust that they may have back their health again. ERNEST B. PEARSON.

Mondombe, Coquilhatville
Congo Belge, Africa.

Echoes from Everywhere

(*Continued from page 53.*)

go to Aguascalientes, Mexico, where Mr. Hinds will undertake a new phase of our missionary service, along agricultural lines. They are already asking about the equipment and the farm which must be purchased if the work is to be a worthy one for Mexico and for Christ.

What China Needs

The students of the Language School in Nanking had the pleasure recently of hearing an address by Dr. C. T. Wang, famous as one of China's representatives at the Paris Peace Conference, and one of the most prominent leaders of Chinese thought today. He was in Nanking attending a meeting of the Board of Managers of the University of Nanking, of which board he is a member. It will be remembered that his portrait adorned the front cover of WORLD CALL for March, 1919, accompanied by the words: "Representative of Southern China at the Paris Peace Conference. Type of Future China, If We Will."

To the Language School students, over one hundred in number, all of whom had lately arrived in China and were taking up the study of the Chinese language as the first step in their missionary careers, Dr. Wang spoke briefly of conditions in China and the significance of the missionary work.

Referring to the unsettled, and sometimes chaotic, political condition of the land, he said that it is not, as often stated, a struggle between the North and the South. It is a conflict between the forces which would make for a strongly centralized government and those which make for local autonomy. Those persons who say that all that China needs to bring peace and stability is a strong central government are in error. What China needs is a federal form of government, with a stable head, to be sure, but with a large degree of local independence; such government, for example, as exists in the United States of America, or among the various parts of the British Empire.

The speaker said further that a paternal form of government, such for example as that of Japan, was not suitable or adapted to China. The whole spirit of the Chinese people, throughout their history, has been very democratic. He expressed great confidence in the common people, the masses of China, in their ability, their integrity and their dependability.

Dr. Wang then expressed high appreciation of the missionary work in China, saying it has already affected the nation powerfully and that it is destined for greater achievements in the future.

He referred to a shocking tragedy which had just occurred in Nanking, namely the suicide of Li Shun, Military Governor of Kiangsu Province, and one of the outstanding political leaders of the Republic. Governor Li left letters saying that the cause of his act was despair over the desperate condition of the country and the futility of his efforts to improve it. He hoped by his sacrificial death to stir the country in a way which he could not do while living—a very widespread and common idea in the Orient. Dr. Wang said that the method of suicide was a bad way to help a good cause. It was better to keep up a living protest. "It is better to talk yourself to death than to shoot yourself to death," he said, wittily.

The governor left a significant will, bequeathing half of his fortune of $2,000,000 to the Famine Relief fund and to Nankai College, a Chinese Christian institution. He practically ignored in the will all his relatives, except his wife and a brother. This idea of leaving his fortune to the public, rather than to his private family, is a new and extremely welcome sign in China.

Dr. Wang strongly urged the newly arrived westerners to cultivate some intimate friends among the Chinese people, for their own pleasure and profit and for the sake of mutual understanding. EDWIN MARX.

Report of Dr. Hardy, Batang, For October

Dispensary,	new patients	88
	out calls	101
	treatments	417
	total treatments	518
Hospital,	new patients	14
	patient days	202
	operations, local,	13
	operations, general,	4

Whang Ping-tien died this month in the hospital of typhoid fever. One soldier who was wounded in the recent fighting

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near here committed suicide in the hospital. Another soldier, with gangrenous feet developed tetanus which was fatal; while still another died of pneumonia. I have several seriously wounded men who will be with me for a long time to come. All advice to amputate has been refused.

A Unique City in China

On her way back from furlough Miss Cammie Gray, of our China Mission, at the request of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Garrett, stopped for a few days at Nantungchow. She noticed many changes in that already remarkable city. During the year our Mission bought a large tract of land for a boy's academy. This is to become a technical school, specializing in English and applied chemistry. Two of the dormitories, which will accommodate five hundred boys, are now almost finished and the boys have moved into them. The school does not have a staff and equipment to accommodate more than fifty boys of the freshman class, and so they had to turn away many applicants.

Nantungchow is famous all over China for the many improvements which have been put in entirely by the Chinese, and without any foreign help. The former minister of agriculture lives there and his idea is to make the place a model city. He has unlimited wealth and, with his great public spirit, has done wonders for the city. He has established grade schools and high schools for both boys and girls. In addition he has a commercial school and an agricultural college in which he has three or four Chinese returned graduates of the American colleges, as teachers. He has also a textile college and an embroidery school, a tapestry school and a carpenter's school, where the poor may learn the trade, and a home for beggars and for the blind. He has put up a large museum and has given the city parks and playgrounds. He is widening the streets, making them wide enough for carriages and automobiles, and putting in rows of trees on both sides of the road. The last and most amazing thing he has done is to put in large jitney busses. Nantungchow is surely a unique place. There is nothing like it in China, and to think that all these improvements have been put in without any foreign help! The name of the man that has done all this is Chang Chien. Miss Gray has been in his home and met his family. This year he has employed an engineer, who is a graduate of Purdue and Cornell, to work on the problem of flood prevention and river control projects in various parts of China.

While in the city Miss Gray was invited to a feast given by Chinese friends. She noticed a queer thing in this city. The streets seemed so unusually clean for China and she noticed many little temporary shrines around. On inquiring what it all meant she was told the shrines were just put up for the summer months, for there was so much cholera about. The officials told the people they could not go into the shrines and call on the gods and expect them to come while there was so much filth and dirt in the streets. Consequently she never saw such clean streets in China. Miss Gray writes that the people evidently think these are favorite shrines of the gods.

S. G. Rothermel, Mandaha, India

Writes of the birth of a daughter, Jean Adelaide, on November 23, and then adds: "We are pushing forward in the work. We have had 32 baptisms thus far this year and we are hoping for more before its close."

Arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Hughes Buenos Aires

Mr. Hughes, under date of December 24, writes briefly of their first impressions: "We have finally reached the end of our travels. We are staying for the present in one of the dormitories of the Colegio Americano. The students are away on their summer vacation so there is plenty of room. The building is very beautiful and delightfully cool. The windows are large and when thrown open it is like being outside.

"So far, we like our new home very much and we are looking forward to our new work with a good deal of joy and enthusiasm. We only hope that by our presence and our work here, the cause may be strengthened."

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Arrival of New Workers for Congo Mission

"Mr. and Mrs. Holder and children, Mr. and Mrs. Byerlee and Miss Alumbaugh, reached Bolenge yesterday, November 9. We were mighty happy to welcome them. Miss Alumbaugh and Dr. and Mrs. Mosher will go to Lotumbe to live in a day or two and the Holders and Byerlees will remain at Bolenge.

"Little Benjamin Barger came to Bolenge on October 26. Dr. Barger was away, attending Dr. Frymire at Lotumbe, who had had a serious case of blood poisoning due to the pricking of his finger during an operation. Barger got back on the 27th just 24 hours too late for the event. A state doctor from Coquilhatville took care of the case; I brought him down in Barger's motorcycle. We are glad indeed that Dr. Frymire is improving; for a day, before Barger got to Lotumbe, they thought that he couldn't pull through."

EMORY ROSS.

Looking Forward Toward a Church Building Program

Charles H. Trout reporting from Lakeland, Florida, tells of a recent meeting: "We have closed a very good meeting with John T. Brown as evangelist. We had splendid audiences and fine attendance from the very first, and he gave us a very good and constructive series of sermons, meeting the needs of the work here very well. While there were only about 15 or 16 additions in all, yet he made a good impression on the community and the tourists, and I think there will be results further on. Brown helped us to start a program for securing a lot at once and beginning preparations for building in the near future. We have now pledged to the securing of a new lot about $6,000 and $1,000 toward a building."

Influence of Christian Service in San Antonio, Growing

Mrs. Bertha F. Lohr writes from San Antonio, Texas, under date of January 19, that the work is prospering there; the church is doing well, nine had recently been baptized and since that there had been one confession and one addition by statement. Mrs. Lohr is superintending the evangelistic work since Mr. and Mrs. Child went away for a vacation. She says the work is spreading out to other places where we have not before worked. Requests are coming in for some one to come and preach for small groups of Mexican Christians at least once a month.

Among the Fifteen Per Cent

During the Interchurch World Movement it was estimated that 85 per cent of the missionaries who go out to the field go against the wishes of their parents. After Mr. and Mrs. Reavis started back to the mission field this fall after furlough, Mrs. Reavis wrote back, "Do not forget that dear father and mother belong in the fifteen per cent portion of our people, who give their children willingly and gladly for the Master's cause." Her father and mother are Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Yokley, at present in Atlanta, Indiana.

Notes from Aguascalientes, Mexico

We hear of frequent baptisms in our two stations in Central Mexico. We have received word that Charlotte, the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Cornelius, and Mildred, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Huegel, all of Aguascalientes, have recently made the good confession and been baptized. These children of the missionaries have a large influence among the children on the fields, and we are certainly glad to hear this good word about them.

Mrs. Cornelius writes from Aguascalientes that the school there is close to two hundred in its enrollment. They are very crowded in many of the rooms. They are having more desks made, but will not be able to receive all the children that come.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius have taken into their home and under their watch care three young Mexican men who are studying for the ministry. This adds a good deal to the cares of the household, but the missionaries believe the extra work and care is worth while.

Additional Endowment for Hiram College

The General Education Board has made Hiram College a conditional grant of $200,000 for endowment and $32,000 for current expenses. To qualify for the $200,000, the college must raise an additional $400,000 for endowment. President Bates, in commenting upon this said:

"Hiram College has never before had so great a challenge as the conditions of this gift present. In accepting it we commit ourselves to pay off every debt, to raise on our own account in cash or marketable securities, $40,000 for endowment only and thereby with the gift of the $200,000 from the General Education Board bring our productive endowment well above the million mark. Educationally the challenge is that Hiram College shall take her place among small colleges of the first rank."

The campaign will be undertaken in the immediate future to meet the financial conditions of this gift.

Where the Field Challenges

Of the work in Mt. Vernon, Washington, Guy L. Drill, the minister, writes: "During the past month the church has completely overhauled its auditorium which makes it now the finest in the city. This work was very much needed but the congregation felt that they were not in a position, financially, to undertake the task. When they were assured by the pastor that all the work could be done by the men of the church, which would amount to at least two-thirds of the cost of the repairs, they gladly undertook the work. The job consisted of taking out a wall, building a new choir loft and pulpit platform, building a new and up-to-date baptistery and calcimining the entire room. The preacher did all the electric wiring, plumbing and managed the reconstruction—lines of work that he had followed before entering the ministry. We have a beautiful auditorium and one that will attract the public.

"We feel that although we have given the greater part of a month's work to this change in the building, it has been the great-

est work we have been able to do since coming here aside from preaching the gospel. We are in a position now to go ahead and the future is bright in prospect. The brethren are back of us and we feel that by the time we have been here a year we will be under way. The field is truly challenging but the work has been abused. We will succeed."

Report of Work
Tokyo, Japan

There were eight baptisms at Hongo church in December, five at Hachijo Island in November, one at Chiba and two at Kofu.

Shigekichi Koredo whom I led to Christ twenty years ago gave eight hundred presents to the Sunday schools I am connected with this Christmas.

A friend from Korea who is a Presbyterian missionary visited our Institutional work in East Tokyo and made a present of $50 for it.

A wealthy Japanese lady has volunteered to conduct a sewing school for girls every evening at the Institute in East Tokyo.

R. D. McCoy visits Chiba City twice each month and teaches English in the large hospital and middle school of that city. He is making many friends. Our churches of Tokyo held a 6 o'clock prayer meeting each morning of January 1, 2 and 3.

Christmas exercises were observed in our rented building in East Tokyo where we have opened our Institute. A Japanese lawyer came and spoke for us. He said it was a miracle that a theatre, such as our building was, has become a center for Christian work.

FRED HAGIN.

San Luis Potosi
C. C. Dobson

"The work in general is moving along very nicely and we do not find many idle moments. Mr. Diaz baptized two men last Sunday afternoon and it was a very beautiful service. We think so much of Mr. and Mrs. Diaz and their family; they certainly are true Christian people.

"The industrial work is moving along as well as one could expect under the present handicaps—of inadequate equipment. Our library and reading rooms are doing nicely; last month 310 having used them and so far this month about 200. So you see we are coming in contact with a great many people through this instrumentality. I feel that this agency will continue to grow until it will be one of our great forces. The night classes in English are doing well. I am teaching 30 hours a week which, with the other things to be done, make it fairly strenuous for a beginner, although if there is any one thing I enjoy it is to be busy.

"Mrs. Dobson and the girls are well and enjoying themselves very much. Mrs. Dobson's work will be a little heavier at the first of the year when she will take more responsibility. We are enjoying San Luis and the work so much that we are very anxious that our girls' schooling can be taken care of all right."

An Unusual White
Gifts Service

From Charles C. Thompson, recently located with the church in Vicksburg, Mississippi, comes the following: "A teacher training class of sixteen has been organized, which is doing splendid work. The Christian Endeavor has been totally reorganized, with a staff of officers chosen from the young people themselves rather than from the older people as had been the custom. The church has arranged to purchase new hymn books. The White Gifts service of Christmas surpassed anything of the kind ever given in the city and received a great write-up in the local daily papers. The cash offering amounted to $51.00."

Discouragements but not
Discouraged

Miss Edith Eberle, at first reported to be on her way home on account of illness, is still at her post in the Philippines. She writes: "I am doing my best to get well and at the same time do some of my work. You know how much I want to stay. The longer I am here the more the work gets hold of me and the more I love these girls. I have had to give up my language work with them but, after some days of complete rest, have continued my Bible classes with them. I let them come to my room. I also conduct my dormitory chapel as much as possible. Sometimes I get dowstairs and sometimes the girls come and sit on the floor in my room and we have an informal but helpful service. Oftentimes I think I get nearer to them in this way.

"Our Sunday school work moves along very nicely considering the little supervision they are getting now. I have had a recent conference with the superintendent and find things in a commendable condition. Attendance holds up to the 1000 mark and frequently reaches 1300. That includes, of course, our afternoon classes. The Christian Endeavor also keeps up in attendance of 100 and more and their meetings are really good.

"Two of my high school girls have been baptized recently and a third made the confession, but received, a few hours before the time for baptism, very disturbing and forbidding word from home. We are waiting hoping to win over the father who refuses all support. The mother has recently given her consent, but begged so pitifully that we wait and try to win the father that I just couldn't bear to tell the child to go ahead. I believe we can win the father's consent and make him our friend instead of an enemy. It is hard sometimes to know just what is right. The girls are faithful in church attendance, some go to mass but a large number attend our service."

A Growth which
Brings Encouragement

Kingsport, Tennessee, is encouraged to press on. H. L. Patterson, the minister, sends the following message: "Our forces are lining up splendidly for the work, audiences are growing, the attendance at Sunday school is increasing, a real live young people's society has been organized and we have had 15 accessions to our membership the past month.

"Mr. Hawkins, state secretary, held an eight day meeting the first of the month, during which there were six accessions."

Safe Arrival in India
of New Workers

A letter from Miss Mullin under date of December 17, tells of the safe arrival of Miss Mullin, Miss Campbell and Miss Bender in Calcutta, India. They had a good voyage from Japan. Enroute, the steamer

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stopped for several hours at some of the great eastern port cities, Singapore, Penang and Rangoon. On board their boat were Parsees, Mohammedans, Roman Catholics and one Brahman. Dr. Osee May Dill met them in Calcutta and Miss Mullin adds: "We are to go on to Kulpahar where we are to spend Christmas. Then we go to Harda for language study. We are very, very happy indeed and are glad to be in India."

Organization Which Brings Results

F. A. Poffenberger, Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, reports for their church school: "The best and largest attended Christmas service in the history of the church was held Sunday night, December 19. The program consisting of recitations, dialogues, pantomimes, drills and singing, was well rendered by the pupils of the school. The music was furnished by the church choir and orchestra. The offering for Armenian relief amounted to $45.00.

"Our school has had an average attendance of 151 for December as compared with 121 for December a year ago. The school is the only one in the city to receive a gold seal from the state Sunday School Association. The school is thoroughly graded with a competent superintendent for each department. The Primary and Junior departments have their own distinct programs of worship. A worker's conference is held regularly each month."

New Rector of Seminary Buenos Aires

Our latest word from Miss Zona Smith, secretary of our Mission in Buenos Aires, Argentina, is that Dr. C. A. Vannoy has been made Rector of the Seminary where young ministers are trained. Dr. Vannoy has, the past year, been teaching in Colegio Americano, our boys' school in that city. We also have the word that two women have recently been baptized.

On Christmas day all of our fourteen missionaries in Buenos Aires and the four children had Christmas dinner together in the Ohio Building, where Mr. and Mrs. Lemmon live. They reported a very happy time.

Our Army Chaplains at Work

Twenty-five dollars per month has been appropriated by the United Society to the work of each of our Army and Navy chaplains. One of the chaplains reporting on the use made of his $25 writes: "The following items of expenditure are charged against the $25:

Gasoline and Oil	$13.95
Sunday School Literature	1.74
Moral Training Motion Picture Film	10.00
Total	$25.69

"In explanation of this expenditure I wish to state that it has been impossible to secure transportation for entertainers, musicians and individuals to assist in programs through government requisitions because of shortage of gasoline and oil. A limit was placed on the gas and oil to be used at this post and this limit was so low that all uses had to be cut. Of course the welfare work suffers most as this can be dispensed with in a degree. Naturally the chaplains feel that this is most important and especially their particular phase of the work which has to do with moral training and religious guidance.

"For the next month I hope to use $20 of the $25 for special music in our Sunday evening services as I feel this will be of wonderful advantage to us. We have 1,000 to 1,200 men at the Sunday evening service and I believe that in securing some ladies from town to present special musical numbers, a real benefit will be brought to the service."

Another chaplain states:

"This money was made to apply as follows: $15 on vesper services held on alternate Sunday evenings and $10 on a Camp Christmas tree given for all the children in the post.

"At the close of these Vesper services a social hour with light refreshments is held. The cost averages about $5 an evening. Appointed hostesses provide these refreshments at my expense. During these winter months we are holding these services every Sunday evening and I think I shall apply the money received from you hereafter to that activity."

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